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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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PRO-SLAVERY RETREAT.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Negro Emancipation.

News of a late date has been received in New-York from Jamaica. The pernicious fruits of the negro emancipation act are daily becoming more apparent and alarming—the conduct of the blacks is growing more outrageous and intolerable. If the minds of the English abolitionists be not as black as the faces of their African friends, and as impervious to the rays of reason as a dungeon is to the rays of light, they must now see to what their ill-judged philanthropy will inevitably lead. They had been warned to pause in their destructive career by those who were better acquainted with the negro character than Buxton the brewer, Daniel O'Connell, or even my lord Brougham. They were told that equality between the two races was a visionary object which could never be realized; the blacks should continue slaves, or the white population submit to self-expatriation or death. Could even the infatuated abolitionists think so meanly of men of their own blood and their own color, as to believe that they would associate or amalgamate with the grovelling, stultified negro on terms of social and political equality! Such a supposition seems repugnant to the feelings implanted by nature in the breast of white men of every class and country.

But these warnings they heeded not; they had mounted the hobby of philanthropy, and they were determined to ride on till the West Indian negroes were all emancipated, closing their eyes to the consequences. Well, they succeeded; and would to heaven as they sowed the wind, that they were placed in a position to reap the whirlwind. But no, an ocean divides them from the scene of their dangerous and ill-advised legislation. The West Indian negroes may refuse to cultivate the soil; they may drive the planter to beggary; they may presumptuously aspire to seats in the halls of council, or on the bench of justice, and there make laws and enforce them calculated to oppress and enslave the white minority. Or we will go even farther and say they may, which heaven forefend—enact a second St. Domingo tragedy.

But will all or any of these evils fall on the heads of the originators or abettors of negro emancipation? Not one of them—they will not affect them even indirectly; it is the devoted planters of Jamaica and the other islands that will be the victims—it is they who will have to drink the poison prepared by English abolitionists.

These remarks have been suggested by perceiving that the blacks have had the effrontery to commence a career of agitation which, if not suppressed, will reverse the natural order of things, and make the white men who may remain there the slaves of the blacks!

They complain that the equality which the act of emancipation has secured to them, is but nominal, not practical. The numerical strength, they say, of the black population compared with the whites, is as nine is to one, whilst all offices of honor, trust and emolument in the colonies, with some few exceptions, are held by the latter. To remedy this they propose the formation of a "Colonial union of all colored classes," and suggest that a convention be held in Barbadoes, at which plans may be adopted and a course of action agreed on, which will ensure to them a power in the government and institutions of the Colonies, corresponding with their numbers; or which will, in other words, strip the whites of all power, and cause their influence, judicial, legislative, social, and political, to dwindle down to a mere cypher. What a consummation is this to contemplate! Can those ignorant English abolitionists—deplorably ignorant on this subject at least—can even they look on it without being startled, or have they now the power to prevent it? O, above all quacks, save us from quack legislators. Political empyrics are more dangerous to the safety of a state than itinerant mountebanks or steam doctors which ignorance or credulity ever spawned forth.

To us good will grow out of the mischievous English philanthropy; it will burst up the whole bubble of negro freedom.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

The two Colonization Plans.

Mr. Editor,—I am one of that class of persons (a somewhat numerous one I fancy) who take a great deal of interest in *other people's* movements, perhaps sometimes to the neglect of *my own*. I read a good many periodicals, among them some Anti-Slavery papers. In these papers are some things which I find it very difficult to understand, or to reconcile with moral honesty. As Editors are supposed to know every thing, perhaps you can help me out of my perplexities.

1. I cannot understand how men can oppose the Colonization Society because it "expatriates" the colored people, while the same persons are actively engaged in forwarding as many as possible to Canada. It will not surely be pretended that the one is less "expatriation," than the other.

2. I cannot conceive how intelligent people can believe that the colored race, whose *home* has been *beneath* or *near* "the burning line," will find the climate of Canada more congenial to them than that of their *father-land*.

3. I cannot perceive the consistency of those who are by profession the friends of *human rights* and *civil liberty*, above all others, aye the *only* true friends, in opposing most virulently the removal of colored men to Africa to found a free republic; and favoring their removal to Canada to become "the most loyal subjects of her *Majesty*" the hereditary Queen of Britain and its dependencies.

4. I cannot understand the benevolence of attempting to found colonies of colored men in the midst of a white population where they acknowledge themselves to be still subject to prejudice on account of color, rather than in the land of their fathers where such prejudice can never exist.—The history of Lower Canada shows most conclusively that the descendants of two nations, each preserving their own language, cannot live peacefully together. Little jealousies and heart-burnings, and strifes and violent party contests are the natural fruits of such a state of society. No honest man of common discernment can fail to perceive how much more *extensive, inveterate* and *violent* will be these difficulties where the line of demarcation is not one which education may modify or entirely demolish, but one which is impassible and indestructible.

5. I cannot comprehend the honesty of those who scoff at the idea of building up flourishing colonies and improving the state of Africa by selecting the best and most intelligent of the colored people in this country and transplanting them there, while at the same time they speak most confidently of the success of colonies established in Canada and composed of runaway slaves indiscriminately.

6. I marvel at the strange conceit that the colored race, now generally ignorant and depressed, will be more likely to rise when mingled with the whites in these United States or the Canadas, and weighed down by the superincumbent pressure of the white man's superiority, than when relieved from this incubus and roused to enterprise and activity by the excitement of forming new states in their father-land, and of having thrown upon them the responsibility and honor of self-government.

7. I know not what to think of the spirit of those who oppose with the utmost violence of language, not sparing even misrepresentation and calumny, the emancipation and removal to Africa of slaves with the master's consent and co-operation and in accordance with the laws of the land, while at the same time they labor clandestinely to carry on a work of emancipation and removal to Canada, of slaves without the master's consent, and in violation of the laws of the land. I acknowledge that many such things which are constantly occurring around us, seem to me to partake more of the spirit which is from *beneath* than of that which is from *above*. It looks more like *war against the slaveholder*, to irritate and vent spite against him, than a scheme of benevolence and effort to do the slave or his master good.

Now I like to think well of my fellow-men, especially when they are *fellow-Christians*. But I am sadly perplexed with some of these things. Can you not, Mr. Editor, explain some of these points so as to relieve my mind of some unpleasant, yea—*painful* suspicions, which have harassed me of late! Philanthropos.

The Edgefield (Bap.) Association, S. Carolina, at its session, Oct. 12th, passed the following:—

Resolved, That our delegates to the Baptist General Missionary Convention be instructed to obtain from that body, at its next meeting an expression of its approbation or disapprobation of the views and sentiments contained in that Address—to the end, that *if that body shall approve of the views and threats contained in that Address, the Southern Baptists may take measures for forming a separate missionary body.*

HISTORICAL RECORD.

Synod of Indiana.

This body, which is composed of 5 Presbyteries, 36 ministers, and 3000 members, at a meeting held in Indianapolis, Oct. 8, 1840, adopted the following preamble and resolutions by a unanimous vote. They are copied from the Cincinnati Observer.

Whereas, the General Assembly has referred the subject of slavery to the Indicatories of the Church, to take such order thereon as in their judgment will be judicious, and best adapted to remove the evil; and whereas, the present state of the public mind, on this subject, calls for a distinct and firm assertion of the truth in the spirit of love; therefore, as the Synod of Indiana, we express the following views.

1. We recognise the African race as a part of the human family, whom God so loved as to give his Son to make an atonement for their souls.

2. We consider ourselves bound by the law of love to seek their happiness as truly as that of any other portion of the human family.

3. We consider the African slave trade as one of the most monstrous exhibitions of wickedness which the world has ever seen.

4. We maintain that the enslaving of parents by violence, fraud, and unutterable wickedness, can never give the right to enslave their posterity; and therefore, whatever may have been the nature and the ground of ancient slavery, as God has not authorized, no human being can have the right, to enslave the descendants of these Africans.

5. We consider slavery a heinous sin against God and our brethren,—against God, as it violates his law, which requires us to love others as ourselves, and to do to them as we would that they should do to us,—against our brother, as it deprives him of the right, which God has given him, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

6. We view slavery as opposed to the benevolent spirit and designs of Christianity,—as it forces those for whom Christ died, and whose elevation Christians are bound to seek, into a state of mental and moral debasement—prevents them from reading the word of God, and places them in circumstances of strong temptation, so that the great mass of them sink into the grossest wickedness,—and as it exposes them to horrid cruelties and oppression which often come upon them from the caprice and rage of an irresponsible master.

7. We consider the doctrine that slaves cannot be emancipated till they are enlightened and prepared for liberty to be absurd; as, from the nature of the case, a community of *slaves* cannot, to any considerable extent, be enlightened—the laws in most of the slaveholding states forbidding it, and slaveholders generally being as much opposed to their instruction as to their emancipation.

8. We regard all hope that the Gospel will remove slavery, while the church sanctions it, a delusion;—the influence of slavery so lowers the standard of piety, and brings both master and slave into temptation to such horrible wickedness, that its whole tendency is to corrupt the Gospel, and banish it from a slaveholding community.

9. We consider it as proved by the result of the experiment in the West Indies, that the only way to elevate the colored race is to emancipate them, and give them mental and moral culture just as we do other heathen, and that they may be emancipated with perfect safety, and to the advantage of the community in which they reside.

10. It is, therefore, our solemn conviction that those who hold their brethren in bondage, ought to give them their liberty, and they can only in this way escape the displeasure of a just God.

11. We regard those in the church who justify or apologize for slavery, or hush the voice of others conscientiously opposed to it, as in a fearful degree responsible for the continuance of slavery, as they quiet the consciences of slaveholders, and, uphold them in their evil course; and we, therefore, affectionately exhort all our brethren to refrain from all such abetting of slavery, and in every wise and kind way to seek its immediate removal.

Salem Presbytery.

This body is subordinate to the Synod of Indiana. At a recent meeting, it adopted, with some slight variations in phraseology, the foregoing resolutions, and also the following:

We declare our solemn conviction, that the Church of Christ is, in a high degree, responsible for the continuance of slavery, and all its horrible enormities, inasmuch as by tolerating slaveholders in her communion, by apologising for it, and by her efforts to hush to silence those whose consciences were tenderly opposed to it, she has quieted the consciences of slaveholders, and upheld them in their evil course.

We would therefore exhort our beloved people no longer by apologising for slavery; or by a false testimony on the subject, to uphold the slaveholder in his wickedness: but on all proper occasions to testify against it as a violation of the gospel of Christ. We would enjoin it upon our churches, not to engage the services of ministers who hold slaves, or who apologise for, or justify it; and we would recommend to all our young men who are seeking the gospel ministry, not to place themselves in any College or Theological Seminary whose officers do not, one and all, in the most open and public manner, testify against this sin, without destroying their testimony by apologies.

We believe that our church has arrived at a crisis, when her duty to God requires her to take strong grounds against this sin. We deplore the fact that our General Assembly did not testify against it, and that some of our brethren still exert their influence to induce us to be quiet on this subject.

Synod of Cincinnati.

This body, at a late meeting held on the 15th of October, (Dr. Beecher in the chair,) adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the holding of human beings as property, is a sin of great magnitude, and one that demauds, as other sins, the exercise of discipline, and that of course it is the duty of church courts to exercise discipline upon all those under their jurisdiction, who are guilty of this sin.

Resolved, That it is the duty of all church courts, and especially of the General Assembly, as well as all individuals, to bear testimony against the sin of slaveholding.

Resolved, That it is the duty of all ministers to preach against this sin, as against all others, in proportion to its prevalence and magnitude.

Resolved, That we solemnly protest against the resolutions of the late General Assembly requesting certain presbyteries to rescind their resolutions excluding slaveholders from their pulpits, and the communion of their churches, and that we resist at the threshold, all attempts on the part of the General Assembly to influence the lower courts to tolerate slaveholders in the communion of the church.

From the Michigan Freeman.

Synod of Michigan.

Bro. Treadwell:—The subjoined resolution was unanimously passed in the Synod of Michigan, at its session in Jackson, Oct. 14th, as the sense of this body on the subject of slavery. Will you give it a place in the columns of the Freeman, and oblige Yours, &c.

E. CHILD.

Resolved, That this Synod deeply regret the action of the last General Assembly, recommending the repeal of those resolutions which sundry Presbyteries have adopted, excluding from their pulpits, slaveholding ministers, and from their communion, slaveholding professors of religion, inasmuch as the legitimate effect of the Assembly's recommendation will be, to hinder, indirectly, at least, the emancipation of the slave, and to give to the Presbyterian Church, a pro-slavery character, which it is bound instantly and utterly to repel and disown.

The following is an extract from a report to the Synod of Michigan, on the state of religion within its bounds.

"The Anti-Slavery cause is manifestly on the advance. Our ministers, generally, take sides with God against the oppressor, and the members of our churches, for the most part, are not far behind their spiritual guides on this subject. We venture to make use of the term "spiritual guides" in this connection, because, if we have any right apprehensions at all on the subject, the abolitionism of our ministers and churches is not a mere species of *sentimentalism*, which takes no hold upon the moral feelings but constitutes a part of their religion, and they can no more shake off its claims, than they can divest themselves of their moral being. They regard slavery as being at war with all the great principles of the divine government, and especially as coming in direct conflict with the claims of the great law of love—as interposing itself between God as the moral governor of the universe, and his rightful subjects, denying *Him* right to command, and forbidding *them* to obey, and thus setting itself in battle array against all efforts to execute the command of the risen Saviour, to "go and disciple all nations." Who can wonder then that this subject should take deep hold upon the moral sensibilities of the Christian—especially, when it is remembered, that this abominable system of iniquity, is legalized in the nation, of which we all form constituent parts!"

The Kennebeck Baptist Association, at its eleventh anniversary, passed unanimous resolutions, expressing its conviction of the sinfulness of slavery, and the duty of immediate emancipation.

SELECTIONS.

Words Fitly Spoken.

Selected for the Standard, from the writings of Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—

I.

The Determination.—I determined, at every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birth-place of Liberty. That standard is now unfurled; and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time or the missiles of a desperate foe—yea, till every chain be broken, and every bondman set free! Let southern oppressors tremble—let their secret abettors tremble—let their northern apologists tremble—let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble!—*Liberator*, Vol. 1. No. 1.

II.

The Confession.—In Park-street Church, Boston, on the fourth of July, 1829, in an address on slavery, I unreflectingly assented to the popular but pernicious doctrine of *gradual* abolition. I seize this opportunity to make a full and unequivocal recantation, and thus publicly to ask pardon of my God, of my country, and of my brethren the poor slaves, for having uttered a sentiment so full of timidity, injustice and absurdity.—*Ib.*

III.

Severity—Reason for it.—I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? *I will be* as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen;—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.—*Ib.*

IV.

A Groundless Charge.—It is pretended, that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. *The charge is not true.* On this question, my influence, humble as it is, is felt at this moment, to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God, that he enables me to disregard "the fear of man which bringeth a snare," and to speak his truth in its simplicity and power.—*Ib.*

V.

A Martyr Spirit.—Is the inquiry made, how do I bear up under my adversities? I answer—like the oak—like the Alps—unshaken, storm proof. Opposition, and abuse, and slander, and prejudice, and judicial tyranny, are like oil to the flame of my zeal. I am not discouraged; I am not dismayed; but bolder and more confident than ever. I say to my persecutors, "I bid you defiance." Let the courts condemn me to fine and imprisonment for denouncing oppression. Am I to be frightened by dungeons and chains? can they humble my spirit? do I not remember that I am an American citizen? and, as a citizen, a freeman, and what is more, a being accountable to God, I will not hold my peace on the subject of African oppression. If need be, who would not die a martyr to such a cause?—*Ib.*

VI.

Enthusiasm.—In all great reformations, a generous and ever-blazing enthusiasm is necessary to quicken the dormant, and to inspirit the heart of the reformer. But licentiousness, and violence, and fanaticism—these are traits which do not belong to truth or justice.—*Ib.*

VII.

Unwavering Faith.—We do not give up our country as sealed over to destruction; nor our countrymen as incorrigibly wicked. We have unshaken reliance in the omnipotence of truth. We still believe that the demands of justice will be satisfied; that the voice of mercy will melt the most adamantine hearts; and that the land will be redeemed and regenerated through an enlightened and energetic public opinion. As long as there remains a single copy of the Declaration of Independence, or of the Bible, in our land, we will not despair.—*Ib.* No. 2.

VIII.

A Marvel.—It is marvellous to observe with what coolness of manner, with what mildness of tone, with what liberality of sentiment, some people discourse on the subject of slavery. They wonder how the trivial fact, that millions of human beings are held in chains and treated like brutes in this country, can excite the indignation or horror of any body. But if an injury be done to their own persons, or to their children—yes, or even to a dog of theirs—how they clamor for redress!—*Ib.*

IX.

Apathy of Great Men.—Shame on the *great men* of America, that their lips are sealed on the subject of African emancipation! The cause is worthy of the loftiest ambition and the noblest genius. To it I am wedded, as long as I shall have a pen to wield, or a voice to speak.

X.

The Assaults of the Enemy Unavailing.—Poverty may assail me with her hungry whelps—Persecution may light his fires—Slander may spit out her venom—and Judicial Power may attempt to intimidate. I care not for the luxuries of wealth, if the inward man be opulent for eternity;—I care not for bodily tortures, if I suffer in a righteous cause;—I care not for the aspersions of the slanderer, if my conscience bear good testimony;—I care not for tyrannical authority, if I serve my God and benefit my fellow creatures by lawfully resisting it.—*Ib*

XI.

Universal Philanthropy.—Wherever oppression, fraud and violence exist, I am for exposing to merited infamy the tyrant and the thief; wherever there is a virtuous struggle for liberty, there also is my heart.—*Ib.*

XII.

The Real Incendiaries.—*We* do not preach rebellion; no, but submission and peace. Our enemies may accuse us of striving to stir up their slaves to revenge; but their accusations are false, and made only to excite the prejudice of the whites, and to destroy our influence. We say, that the possibility of a bloody insurrection at the South fills us with dismay; and we avow, too, as plainly, that if any people were ever justified in throwing off the yoke of their tyrants, the slaves are that people. It is not we, but our guilty countrymen, who put arguments into the mouths, and swords into the hands of the slaves. Every sentence that they write—every word that they speak—every resistance that they make against foreign oppression—every Fourth of July celebration,—is a call upon their slaves to destroy them.—*Ib.*

XIII.

Sympathy for the South.—While we detest the principles and practices of the South, we pity her desperate condition. Her complaints are not mere pretences; her sufferings are authentic and severe. But why is her bosom wrung with such emotions, or why does she present such a miserable aspect? Does the tariff, or the system of internal improvements, generate her diseases? No: the canker that is upon her vitals—the curse that is blighting her fields—the plague that is retarding the increase of her population, *is slavery—and nothing but slavery*. We wish to relieve her, by endeavoring to remove the cause of the evil. We wish to see her as happy and flourishing as her more fortunate sisters; nor shall we give up our efforts to save her, even at the risk of being set down as her enemy.—*Ib.*

XIV.

Degrees of Human Frigidity.—The hearts of some individuals are like ice—congealed by the frigidity of a wintry atmosphere that surrounds, envelops and obdurates.—These may be melted by the rays of humanity, the warmth of expostulation, or the breath of prayer. Others are like adamantine rocks; they require a ponderous sledge and a powerful arm to break them in pieces, or a cask of powder to blow them up. Truth may blaze upon them, with midday intenseness, but they cannot dissolve.—*Ib.*

XV.

Individual Duty.—Every one who comes into the world should do something to repair its moral desolation, and to restore its pristine loveliness; and he who does not assist, but slumbers away his life in idleness, defeats one great purpose of his creation. But he who, not only refusing to labor himself, endeavors to enlarge and perpetuate the ruin, by discouraging the hearts of the more industrious, and destroying their beautiful works, is a monster and a barbarian, in despite of his human nature and of civilization.—*Ib.*

XVI.

A Reason.—In attacking the system of slavery, why so vehement? so unyielding so severe? Because the times and the cause demand vehemence. An immense iceberg, larger and more impenetrable than any which floats in the arctic ocean, is to be dissolved, and a little *extra heat* is not only pardonable, but absolutely necessary. Because truth can never be sacrificed, and justice is eternal. Because great crimes and destructive evils ought not to be palliated, nor great sinners applauded. With reasonable men, I will reason; with humane men, I will plead; but to tyrants I will give no quarter, nor waste arguments where they will certainly be lost.—*Ib.* No. 3.

(*To be continued.*)

From the Liberator.

Martin Van Buren—William Henry Harrison—Daniel Webster.

[The following timely and eloquent extracts are made from a manuscript Discourse delivered before the Old Plymouth County Anti-Slavery Society, at Abington, on the fourth of July, 1840, by Samuel J. May. The manner in which Mr. May has commented upon the base subserviency of Daniel Webster to the slaveholding South, is worthy of him as a freeman and a philanthropist. Since that Discourse was delivered, Mr. Webster has again bowed the knee to Baal, in the presence of thousands of slaveholders, and in the very capital of Virginia—or, to quote his own words, 'With your October sun shining full upon me—before the whole country—and with all the responsibility that attaches to me, or to my name,' &c.]

In the Senate, in accordance with a recommendation of President Jackson in his annual message, a committee reported a bill to establish a censorship of the press. Absurd and unconstitutional as it was, it went through its regular stages with little opposition, till the important question was taken on its engrossment. The vote then stood 18 to 18. It devolved upon Mr. Martin Van Buren, of New York, then Vice President, to decide the question by a casting vote—and (infamy rest on the deed forever!) he gave it on the side of slavery!

By that base act, he secured the confidence of the South—(more desired by him, I fear, than the blessings of those who are ready to perish)—and at the ensuing election, he received from them 61 electorial votes, by means of which he became President of the United States. One of the first acts of his administration was to declare it to be his intention to veto any bill—if such an one should be passed by Congress—for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, without the consent of the slaveholders. This established him in their favor. And he has since been known to the world as 'the northern man with southern principles,' which, being interpreted, means, the man who has sacrificed his principles—has sold himself to be the servant of oppressors, for the empty honor of an office. And, surely, those of the north, who assisted to confer that office upon him, are partners in his guilt.

But think not his political party are sinners above the other. I tell you nay. For, except the other party repent, they will come into like condemnation, if no worse.

For awhile after Mr. Van Buren's election, his opponents made great use of his casting vote, and the prostitution of his veteing power, to prejudice all against him, who have any love of impartial liberty remaining in their hearts. They made such professions, as almost deceived even the abolitionists into the hope, that they did in sincerity abhor his course. But the time came on when the Whig party must needs nominate their candidate. The Harrisburgh Convention was called. Whom did the Convention place before their constituents, as the man worthy of the high office of President? *William Henry Harrison.* And who and what is he?

He is now, indeed, a resident in a free State. He is one of the great western landholders and farmers; though he does not live in a log cabin—and I hope he is not so foolish as to drink hard cider. If he does use that wretched and deleterious beverage, before being entrusted with any office, he ought to be taught that soft water and softer milk are better for his stomach, his head and his heart. But who is General Harrison—and what is he?

He is the son of a slaveholder—'descended,' according to Mr. Webster, 'from the best Virginia stock'—which means, I suppose, one of the most aristocratic, nay, despotic of the lords of the soil in the Ancient Dominion—and one of the largest owners of human cattle. He was, therefore, born and educated in the midst of those influences, which Jefferson has described as so destructive to the sentiments of liberty and humanity in the bosoms of children. We have no evidence that, in emigrating from that land of oppressors, he left the spirit of oppression behind him. True, he has ceased to be a slaveholder. But, in all his public acts, bearing on the subject of slavery, he has ever been in favor, not merely of its continuance, but of its extension. 'While governor of the territory of Indiana, he used his official influence to introduce slavery into that territory, contrary to the act of Congress, by which it had been forever excluded. While a member of Congress, he voted for the admission of Missouri, with a constitution sanctioning slavery; and thus consented to an act, which, under the name of compromise, delivered the free States and free labor into the hands of slave power. While a candidate for the Presidency in 1836, he uttered the sentiment in a public speech, that the citizens of the free States have no constitutional right even to discuss the subject of slavery; which sentiment he has reaffirmed since his recent nomination. He maintains, too, the doctrine, that Congress has no power by the Constitution to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, without the consent of the slave States. Finally, he gave his encouragement and assistance to Kentucky, in procuring the passage, by the Legislature of Ohio, of the infamous law, making it criminal to give food and shelter to fugitives from republican bondage.' After all this that he has done, who can doubt that he is a slaveholder at heart?

His partizans, until of late, have tried to conciliate the preference of the abolitionists, by representing him as less devoted to the maintenance of the slave system than Mr. Van Buren. But the pretence, I presume, will no longer be kept up. I trust you have seen or heard the Report of the 'Great Harrison Festival' at Alexandria, on the 11th of June. Unless the whigs of the North repudiate the doings of that meeting, they must forever cease to ask the friends of humanity, or even of *constitutional liberty*, to put any more confidence in them and the men of their choice, than in the rival party and their candidate.

It was obviously the design of that meeting to cement the union between the northern and southern whigs, by giving to the latter a sufficient assurance of impunity to the slave system—an assurance equal at least to that which Mr. Van Buren had given. Who was the man selected, or that volunteered to do this? DANIEL WEBSTER. And how did he perform the task? He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

After the usual preliminaries of eating and drinking—but in that case eating and drinking what was purchased by the unrequited toil of the bondmen of Virginia whigs—Mr. Webster, the great political luminary of Massachusetts, was called upon first to address the meeting. From a platform prepared for the great occasion—an altar raised for the oblation of northern liberty to southern despotism—(a sacrifice, alas! so often made, that our people seem all unconscious of the sacrifice,) from that high place, in the presence of many thousands, Mr. Webster, as the High Priest of northern whiggism, offered incense of sweet-smelling savor to the despots of the South. But incense, you know, is a sort of smoke, and there was a sort of smokiness in Mr. Webster's language, on that occasion, which may hide his meaning, in part, from his purblind admirers. He avoided the use of certain words, which would shock the independent yeomen of the Old Bay State. It is obvious, however, that he made himself well enough understood by those who heard him; and satisfied them that he and his party are sound to the core in their opposition to the cause of the slave. 'I stand,' said he, 'in the presence of distinguished men from the southern States; and I now summon them into Court, and ask them as witnesses to declare, whether I and my political friends of the North entertain any feelings different from their own, in regard to your entire and undivided control over this subject, and your other state concerns?' Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky, 'answered most cordially to the call Mr. Webster had made upon him as a witness; and testified that *the Northern Whigs, with Mr. Webster at their head*, were as strongly and sincerely opposed to the abolitionists, as he and his Southern and Western friends are.'

Such is the subjection, into which the political parties in the free states are brought by consenting with slaveholders. And they can never recover their independence, until they break off the alliance.

Such is the humiliation, to which all our northern men, who aspire to any high offices in the Federal Government, must submit, or be set aside as not 'available.'

Such is the submission, to which even Daniel Webster has at length been brought. Son of the morning, how art thou fallen! The demons of slavery—Preston, and Crittenden, and Wise—cry out to thee,—Ha! ha! ha! ha! thou art become like unto us!! Oh! Webster, great has been thy fall! Glorious was the opportunity afforded thee to stand forth in defence of liberty and the rights of man. Why didst thou not, in the presence of that throng of southern men,—thou, the vaunted defender of the Constitution, why didst thou not stand up in thy might, and defend that Constitution which they have set at nought, ay, trampled contemptuously under foot? True, in that charter of our Union, the system of slavery, as it exists in the several States, is left to the control of the State Legislatures, and is placed beyond the reach of the action of Congress. Who at the North denies this? Surely not the abolitionists. Why then didst thou not tell the slaveholders, what thou knowest full well, that the friends of suffering humanity at the North have not a thought of transcending the limits prescribed to them in the Constitution! We never have asked, we never mean to ask Congress to entertain a proposition for the abolition of slavery in any of the States. We have only asked the General Government to cease from being oppressors themselves—to abolish slavery in those parts of our country that are under their 'exclusive jurisdiction.' And that thou hast, in times past, declared Congress have power to do.—We have only asked that the American slave trade may be abolished. And that, also, thou hast said Congress have power to do. We have only sought, through the ordinary communications with the public mind and heart, to wake up the nation to a consciousness of their great inhumanity and sin. And this, surely, thou knowest the Constitution authorizes us to do. Nay—it explicitly guarantees to all the people of the land, liberty of speech; freedom of the press; and the right peaceably to assemble for consultation, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. The free use of these instruments of reform is guaranteed explicitly—by name—in the Constitution; whereas, the relinquishment to the States of the right to manage their system of slavery for themselves, is only a matter of inference from the fact, that, as no authority was given to Congress over the subject, it was left among the reserved rights of the several States. Why then didst thou not tell the thousands of southerners, who crowded to hear thee at Alexandria, that, while thou and thy fellow-citizens of the North accorded to them the exclusive right to legislate about slavery in their several States, thou didst claim from them a recognition of our right to do all (within the provisions of the Constitution,) that we deemed proper and needful for the good of the country and the world. And that not one jot or tittle of that liberty of speech, and freedom of the press, guaranteed by the Constitution, should be violated with thy consent? Nay, more—why didst thou not say at Alexandria, what thou saidst in New-York, March 15, '37! Because it would not have served the interests of thy party! How do I mourn, Webster! that, for the sake of being the leader of the whigs, thou hast laid aside thy manhood! that, for the ascendancy of thy party, thou hast made a league with oppressors! and, like the man whom thou art opposing, has set at naught the claims of humanity, and the solemn guaranties of the Constitution! By thus following in the steps of Mr. Van Buren, thou mayest perchance attain, as he has done, to the presidency. But it will bring thee no crown of glory. A halo of shame rather shall settle round thy brow.

'Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well thy part—there all the honor lies.'

A part was assigned thee, *Webster*, which thou hast not acted well. Ability was given thee to do, what no other man could. Hadst thou, with all thy power, espoused the cause of suffering humanity, thou mightest, ere this, have turned back the tide of oppression, that now threatens to overwhelm our land. Perhaps thou wouldst never have been seated in the Presidential chair; but thou wouldst have attained a far higher honor, a far greater bliss. Thy name would have been enrolled by the side of *Wilberforce*; thy labors and sacrifices would have gone up as a memorial before God; and the blessing of those that are ready to perish would have been the measure of thy joy forever. But thou hast chosen another portion. And the friends of liberty and righteousness can only weep for thy loss, as well as their own.

What a curse it is to the community, and to himself, when a man is entrusted with high intellectual gifts, surpassing powers of speech, and other qualifications for distinction; but has not consecrated himself to the service of God and humanity—and has not deeply fixed moral and religious principles to guide and govern him! Who would be willing, for all the honors he may gain, to abide the judgment that awaits him?

How have I hung upon *Mr. Webster's* lips, enraptured with his eloquence! And when I have heard the large and generous sentiments he was wont to utter—believing him sincere—how have I also almost idolized him! The words which he spake at Plymouth, at the centennial celebration of the landing of our forefathers, stirred my soul from its very depths. If any sentence man ever uttered, has had influence with me in the pulpit, it was that sentence, which came from his lips, on that occasion, admonishing ministers of their duty respecting slavery. It so happened that the Sunday following the delivery of that incomparable address, I commenced preaching the word of God. Whatever else may be said of my faithfulness or unfaithfulness, it cannot be said that I have disregarded *Mr. Webster's* injunction. It cannot be said that my pulpit has been silent in the cause of the down-trodden slave.

But the spell is broken. I now see that the soul-stirring things he then said, are to be regarded merely as rhetorical flourishes. The success of a party is of more consequence than the triumph of liberty. The establishment of a national bank more to be desired than the maintenance of the rights of man. Gain is better than godliness. It seems as if I shall never more read Mr. *Webster's* writings without distrust. I feel that it would give me little pleasure now to hear him speak. Yes, on one subject I should be glad to hear him. I would go and listen patiently—I hope candidly—if he would attempt, before the yeomanry of the Old Colony, to justify his course! But I fear that, ere he could do it, his right hand would forget its cunning—and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth.

I have dwelt thus at length upon Mr. Webster's case, because, though not the most atrocious, it is the most signal instance of the subserviency of northern men to southern policy.

Both the parties are now in the hands of slaveholding politicians. Both are pledged to protect the system of slavery. Would that I could so present this astounding fact to all my fellow-citizens, that not a good man could be found, who would so far prostitute himself, as to vote either for Mr. Van Buren or Gen. Harrison! A man cannot vote for either, without helping to sustain the horrible system of slavery under which millions of our countrymen are crushed; and which fain would subjugate the liberties of the free to its own greater security. We are bound, then, if we would be true patriots, and upright, merciful men, to come out and be separate from both the political parties; and stand forth before our country and the world as witnesses against them, that, for the sake of party ends, they have each of them shown that they are ready to sacrifice liberty to slavery.

What an impression it would make, if all the good men and true would take this stand! The attention of the most thoughtless would be arrested; and even the unprincipled would stand in awe.

From the Dublin (Ireland) Freeman's Journal.

Slavery in America.

We have more than once directed the attention of our readers to this subject; we must return to it, we fear, again and again; it is a topic of deep—of appalling interest. It is not the question of America alone—it concerns the whole civilized, aye, and the uncivilized world too, for Africa loses daily a thousand of her inhabitants by the accursed slave traffic. American slavery cannot go on as it now is—it must either *crush* or be *crushed*. The freest country in the world—so far as her constitution goes—cannot continue to hold three millions of her subjects in a cruel and degrading bondage. The great centre of Republicanism cannot continue to foster within her bosom the foulest system of slavery that ever cursed the earth, without doing deadly injury to the great cause of human liberty. America must either abolish slavery, or become the by-word, the laughing-stock, the reprobated of the earth! We write strongly on this subject; but if any one of our readers should think intemperance is mingled with indignation, it is because they know little of the abomination of which we we speak. The blood boils, the very soul turns sick at the shameful prostitution of the sacred name of liberty which America at this moment presents. A country born as it were in the very lap of freedom—scaling it with her own blood—declaring as the preamble of her constitution that "all men are born free and equal"—that "certain *inalienable* rights" belong to *all*, amongst which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" and yet, in the very face of this, retaining in bondage nearly three millions of the human family, under the petty, and abominable, the impious, the shocking plea, that because they have not a skin colored like their own—that because the Creator has seen fit, for wise purposes of his own, to dye them to a different hue, they are not included in the privileges of that great charter of liberty, but are doomed to be the human cattle of the white man—to be lashed, goaded, abused worse than the beasts of the field—to have no civil rights—to be liable to be bought, sold, separated from every earthly tie—to have every indignity heaped upon them which lawless power, goaded on by boundless, insatiable avarice, can suggest to the wicked heart of fallible man.

And shall we be told for a moment that this—plague-spot as it is in America—is no concern of ours? Are any amongst us so narrow, so circumscribed in their ideas, as to confine their aspirations for liberty to their country alone? Are any so short-sighted as to suppose that such a canker-worm as that which is now imbedded in the very vitals of republican America can remain there and not extend its blighting effects far and wide? Have any not reflected that the enemies of liberty can triumphantly point to America as a practical illustration of what a people will do if they are clothed with their *rights?* that instead of nobly carrying out their privileges—the privileges of *all*—they have bound three millions—the weaker portion—in everlasting fetters; have bound them in the chains of darkness and degradation, beyond what the veriest despot could have conceived! And yet, we sorrowfully repeat it, such is now the case in America. And we ask, shall we look quietly on and not endeavor to arouse our sister—she of giant growth, the refuge of so many of our countrymen—to turn to the bright charter of her liberties, and by a noble effort declare, in truth and in fact, that *all "are* born free and equal," and that slavery shall exist no more within her borders!

But, alas! we feel we are still far from this devoutly to be wished for consummation; and yet, come it must, and that speedily! The charter of liberty of the three millions of the down-trodden bondsmen of America—their inalienable birthright, their equality as human beings, their right to their own souls and bodies—must speedily be sealed either in mercy or in blood. It is impossible, it is utterly foreign to the nature of things, that slavery can exist there much longer. The West Indies are free, the black population stand nobly forward as the most promising in the world, whether we look at them socially, morally, or as regards their future progress, commercially or politically. St. Domingo, too, stands disenthralled—a proof of the unquenchable spirit of liberty which animates the human breast—which led her population through all the horrors of war and bloodshed to obtain and retain it. And can the three millions of slaves

not gradual, proof of the "certain effects" thereof, by placing the colored people on a footing with the white. We are rather at a loss to comprehend the precise nature of the editor's convictions, which follow the preceding declaration: he "desires to regulate his movements so that they may continually harmonise with the principles *and mode of action* professed and practised by the Society. And what are those principles? Are there any principles professed among Friends, as a Society, on the prejudice against color? Are there any rules of discipline enforcing the maintenance of this prejudice? We apprehend not. The *mode of action*, and the *practice*, are the very things we have to do with, and if the "*Friend*" regulates his movements by that, he will, we fear, make but poor progress in producing the "certain effects" which he expects to result from the advancement of light and knowledge on this subject. We have not space, at present, for all that we would wish to say hereon; —it may be necessary, however, before concluding, to observe, that the mooting of this question by us has been made a handle of by those who were previously inimical to our publication, to endeavor to prejudice the minds of Friends at a distance against it: thus we find, among other matters, that it is stated in America that the Editor of the paper is disaffected towards the Society of Friends, and that it is patronised by *disaffected* members, and is not approved of by the Society generally in Great Britain—a more unfounded calumny could not have been invented. For the information of our American friends, we may inform them, that we publish above two thousand copies monthly, which are circulated chiefly in Great Britain—nor do we at present know of one disaffected member among those who subscribe in this kingdom. The wide extent of our circulation, is in itself, we should think, a most triumphant refutation of the assertion, that our work is not generally approved of in these countries. As to ourselves, we can honestly aver that we are not disaffected to the Society—we have surely given no proof of it in our columns—we revere its discipline, exercised under the guidance of the Holy Spirit—we unite cordially with the doctrines held by the Society, from its rise to the present period, and we love and reverence those of its members, who, we believe, are walking in the Truth, and of whom, we rejoice to say, there are many up and down, notwithstanding the great declension so visible amongst this highly professing people; but we ARE DISAFFECTED towards that portion of the Society who have departed in practice, from the simplicity and purity of life and conversation, which shone so conspicuously in our early Friends, and shines in the faithful of this day.

From the Herald of Freedom.

Anti-Slavery Convention at Milford.

It was our good fortune to attend this most interesting Convention. It was holden at the Orthodox Congregational meeting-house—and was well attended in numbers and excellently as to character. Milford is one of the most interesting towns in the State. It abounds in character, activity, energy, and anti-slavery—contrasting strongly in these respects with aristocracy-eaten Amherst—or rather Amherst-Plain,—the hill country containing some of the best anti-slavery spirits among us. The Plain is a dead, *moral* level, as well as natural. Anti-slavery has no more root there than it could have in the Dead Sea, or the cities of the Plain, which once stood where that sea stagnates. There is an air of heartlessness and unsociality about the poor old flat, that generally accompanies court-houses, jails, rum-tavern, and Amherst Cabinet sort of presses. They drove away their minister, we believe, for his abolitionism—when we had not enough, that he dared exhibit, to pass muster in any anti-slavery meeting. He was as silent, almost, as a mouse in a cheese, and yet he was too much interested in the cause of humanity to be tolerated in the haughty old shire of Hillsborough. Coming into it from Milford seemed to us like crossing Mason's and Dixon's line—or the Ohio River into Kentucky.

We went to the Convention in company with brothers Pillsbury, Chandler, and Foster. We started thanksgiving morning in the rain—but our errand was of the kind that makes all weathers fair, and our "thanksgiving" was something better than pumpkin pie and slaughtered turkeys, which, now strong drink is becoming in some places unfashionable, constitute the essentials of this governmental festival. Instead of giving real thanks for the bounties of the year, "thanksgiving" devours generally enough of them to last moderation and temperance no small portion of a year. Rum is not altogether unknown on the day. We rode past several reservoirs of it on our way, and inquired in vain for a temperance tavern. By about two, afternoon, we reached the hospitable anti-slavery dwelling of Luther and Lucinda Melendy, among the hollows on Chestnut Hills in Amherst. We were received with a welcome that compensates for months of pro-slavery scowling round about our path of late. Cordiality and brotherly love adorn the face of the household—the bounties of the season the hospitable Board,—and the Bible, the Liberator, Herald of Freedom and National Anti-Slavery Standard, the reading table. Here were the circumstances and condition of genuine anti-slavery. A noble farm planted in the valley among the hills. The venerable father of our whole-hearted brother who inhabited it—over 90 years of age—showed by his cheerful brow, which near a hundred winters had scarcely clouded, that his lot had been cast amid filial affection. We were obliged to leave the interesting spot too soon. We reached Milford—brother and sister Melendy in company, just as friend Warner's meeting-house was lit up for an evening lecture from Garrison. It rained with the dismality of a November's night and we were afraid there would be but a scanty auditory, but it turned out to be respectably large.

Brother G. gave us no written lecture—but something far better than writing ever is—an outpouring of the living philanthropy that always burns fervently at the heart of the slave's earliest and fastest friend. The pen, by the way, ought never, we think, to intervene between the slave's advocate and his auditory.

The lecture exposed most effectually before the people of Milford and Hillsborough, his *madness* his *incendiarism*, and his *infidelity*. They will know hereafter how to appreciate these charges, when the pro-slavery pulpit and the sectarian press shall cast them upon him. We rejoice at the opportunity. We wish all New Hampshire and New England could enjoy it.

Brother Warner was present, new-organized as he professedly is, and made an old fashioned anti-slavery prayer at the opening. He did not join the Convention next day. No matter. *The abolitionists of Milford did.* The People enrolled their names. While this is so, the pulpit may take its own course. We have asked its co-operation—it has withheld it. We ask it no longer. Bro. Warner's position we have nothing to say about. We were happy to meet an independent anti-slavery spirit in brother Remington, of the Baptist pulpit there. He bore a testimony against new organization, of few words, but of mountain weight. How noble a sight is a faithful, unflinching minister. Credit is due to him in proportion to the delicacy and difficulty of his position. How few dare follow truth wherever she may lead.

We were sorry to learn at Milford, that "*influences*" had been exerted there to send the anti-slavery contributions to foreign places, if not foreign objects. The Executive Committee of the National Society have heretofore been made the favored recipients of New-Hampshire money from that quarter of the State, while anti-slavery operations at home were encountering the most embarrassing extremity. And we understood the patronage of the Female Anti-Slavery Society of Milford had been diverted for the present year, by the same '*influence*,' to the cause of Missions in Canada. We have, of course, no right to interfere with any donors in the disposition of their benevolence—but any sinister *influences* that may be exerted upon our anti-slavery friends we have a right, and are bound to notice in behalf of the cause in the State. Moneys contributed to aid the escape of fugitive slaves—or to buy slaves out of bondage—or to provide schools for those who have escaped into Canada, or the like, do not seem to come within the scope of our Society policy. We are for abolishing slavery itself,—not by aiding it to run away, but so that slaves need not run away to get their liberty. We wish to enable them to find it at home—and to have homes, where it may be found. Abolitionists, as such, it seems to us, have nothing to do with missionary movements. We would, as a man, aid the runaway on to Canada, or to stay here—or ransom the slave, if we had means—or assist him in his distress in the land he flies to; but, as an abolitionist, we have nothing to do with the individual slave or the Canadian poor. And, by the way, why has the A. B. C. F. M. not cast a missionary glance towards the ten thousand heathen of Canada—heathen of American growth and manufacture—the very handy work of the constituents of this American Board? Why don't they embrace them in the missionary charity that encompasses the South Sea Islands, and the remote regions of Asia! They dare not look that way, to send them a bible or a preacher. Nor would any of their preachers go there. They have a holy, "natural" and "well founded" prejudice against that kind of "dear heathen." We deplore the condition of the fugitive in Canada—but, as an abolitionist, we can spare him no consideration. He has escaped the infernal prison-house—he is a man. Men may now sympathise with him, as men. If he suffers, he suffers as a man, and not as a slave. We must see to those who remain behind him, and their more miserable tormentors, the masters and drivers,—and their pro-slavery abettors here in the North.—We must spend our energies in building up the demolished doctrine of human equality—and right to liberty. Going to Canada is a sort of colonizing to Liberia. To be sure, there is a sort of "consent" in it. The slave runs there because he can't stop short of there. We ought to enable him to stop short, and he could, if abolitionists were plenty enough in New Hampshire. We must make them—and we hope our female friends of Milford will see with us that this is anti-slavery, rather than looking after the Canadians, however interesting objects of humanity they may be to us, in our individual capacity, or as the friends of Missions. We need only mention this to the mind of *woman*. If we are right, she will see it—and if she sees it, she will embrace it. Woman has not two ways, like her *superior*. She has one way, and that is the right one. The abstract right is the right in practice with her—far more readily than with men.

We were sorry to find that so many of our old organized friends forgot their anti-slavery at the polls, and were swept away from what we deem the line of duty, by the tide of party. We fear it will prove a sorrow to them. They will repent of it, if so. A few remained firm. They are ready for grand efforts now—and the enemy trembles at the armor in which they see them clothed.

We had the pleasure of forming new anti-slavery acquaintance among the farmers and mechanics of Hillsborough, and to get a few subscribers for our friend Chase to the Herald of Freedom. We enjoyed the hospitalities of our esteemed brother L. Chase and wife, and Dr. Williams and wife. From the home of the latter we took our departure, by moon light, Saturday morning, and rode to a friend Raymond's, on Chestnut Hills, where a generous breakfast was provided for the fanatics of Concord and Canterbury—and where we had a most refreshing anti-slavery interview, till half past nine o'clock, when we resumed our homebound journey, taking in our way, by going some two miles out of the way, the Eaton friends of East Weare, who gave us a highland welcome and a pilgrim greeting—and reached home a little before dusk, to *rest for the week* to come, and prepare for another scout into Strafford. So we toil,—but there is *repose ahead* to us, and we trust to the poor slave, for whom we labor. We wish they could learn our weekly movements. It would not a little lighten the burdens of slavery, and we should get prayers in abundance.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Tales of Oppression.

No. V.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

About the year 1809, a colored man, by the name of Peter, and a slave for life, went to the city of Philadelphia, with permission, in writing, from his mistress, who resided in Newcastle county, in the State of Delaware. This paper stated, that the price of Peter was two hundred dollars. He had been in Philadelphia but a short time, when he found a person, John Miller, jr., who agreed to pay the amount demanded, and take an indenture upon him for a few years; but when the money was about to be paid, Joseph Taggart, the agent of the mistress, declined receiving it, saying that she had given directions that he should return home. John Miller was a respectable merchant, and a man of humanity and benevolence, and he concluded to make an effort to compel the mistress to carry into effect the agreement she had voluntarily made with Peter, not so much with an eye to his own interest, as from a desire that Peter might get his liberty. He called upon me, and exhibited the paper given to Peter by his mistress. He also informed me of what had occurred between him and the agent. I became convinced that Peter could not be removed to Delaware without his consent, for the reasons mentioned in the letter published below, from Miers Fisher.

John Miller placed two hundred dollars in my hands, with which I proceeded to the counting-house of the agent. I was kindly received, but was informed by him that all attempts to negotiate respecting Peter were useless, as he had positive directions to send him home, and that he should act accordingly. Finding remonstrance of no avail, I gave him to understand, that if he attempted to have Peter arrested, I should defend him. After tendering him two hundred dollars, I withdrew, and returned home. This occurred in the afternoon, a short time before sunset. About 9 o'clock the same evening, I was informed that Peter had been taken into custody, and was then on his way to Alderman Hillegas, in charge of an officer. I went immediately there. The case was so plain, that I did not anticipate any difficulty; but John Miller had gone out of town, and I was not prepared to prove the authenticity of the document purporting to be a permit from the mistress, for Peter to go to Philadelphia; and I found the magistrate disposed to make short work of the business, by surrendering him to be taken to Delaware. This decision I strongly protested against, believing it to be palpably illegal and oppressive. After much hesitation, the magistrate said he would adjourn the further hearing of the case until the next morning at 5 o'clock, and unless the witnesses were then produced, he would surrender Peter to the agent. He was informed that no benefit to Peter could be expected from such a postponement, as it would be impossible to procure the attendance of witnesses at so early an hour. Peter was then sent to prison, and the parties left the office.

Miers Fisher was an attorney, though he did not practice as a lawyer; but being an old acquaintance of Alderman Hillegas, and highly respectable, and possessed of considerable influence in the community, I determined to call upon him for advice, and to endeavor to enlist his influence in favor of Peter. After stating the case, he wrote the letter which will be found below, and gave it to me to deliver. At 5 o'clock, I went to the magistrate's office and gave it to him. After reading it, he threw it upon his table and exclaimed, "I would rather have found five hundred dollars than had any thing to do with this business." I observed, "There is a very easy way by which thou mayest get rid of it: commit the man, and give us an opportunity to take out a habeas corpus." After some hesitation, he acceded to this proposition, and accordingly remanded Peter to prison.

I immediately applied to John Inskeep, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, for a Habeas Corpus, and having procured it, I left it with the keeper of the prison. It had been customary to get the writ, and leave it with the keeper of the prison, and when he appeared with the prisoner before the judge, procure his signature to be affixed to it. This mode saved some trouble. But, in this instance, it had like to proved fatal to Peter's liberty; for the counsel of the agent called at the jail, and upon discovering that the writ was not signed by Judge Inskeep, he made application to Thomas Smith, one of the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court, who issued a Habeas Corpus, and had the prisoner taken before him. The keeper produced the writ issued by Judge Inskeep, but Judge Smith pronounced it void, because it was not signed by that magistrate, and proceeded to hear the case; and no one being present to defend Peter, he was delivered over to the agent. This occurred while I was gone to meeting, and as soon as the meeting broke up, I found a person waiting at the door, who informed me of what had been done. I was also informed that Peter had been put on board the Newcastle packet, and was then, probably, on his way down the river. I lost no time in calling upon the Judge, stated the case, and suggested to him that I thought he had been too precipitate. He then gave me an order for a re-hearing; but on going to the wharf, I found the boat had sailed. Without delay, I mounted a horse, and proceeded to Greenwich Point, about three miles below the city, and arrived there just in time for the boat, which I saw slowly sailing down the river. I hired a man, who lived at the Point, to put me on board, which being done, I exhibited the order for a re-hearing, and the Captain, under whose care Peter was placed, ordered him to be put on shore, and I proceeded with him to Judge Smith, who lived in High street, near Twelfth. After hearing the case, and all the circumstances being laid before him, Peter was set at liberty; but not being disposed to take any undue advantage of his mistress, he nobly and magnanimously went directly to John Miller, jr., and indented himself for the time of five years; at the expiration of which he was to be free. It is not possible for those who have not witnessed it, to conceive how rejoiced the slaves are, when they find a limit is fixed to their bondage; and I have often felt the most exquisite gratification in being instrumental in promoting such an object.

By permission of the Alderman, I took possession of the letter of Miers Fisher, and now have it in my possession. It is without date, as follows:

RESPECTED FRIEND:—

I am called on at the hour when I usually retire to rest, to hear a case to which, if I did not give to it what attention is in my power, I could scarcely expect to enjoy the comfort of a sleeping pillow.

It is stated to me, that a negro man of the name of Peter has been committed to jail, by thy mittimus, this afternoon, as a runaway slave, from Newcastle County; that the Widow of ——— Grantham, Esq., of Newcastle County, (a gentleman long well known to me,) was his mistress; that she had given Peter a note in writing, mentioning that his price was two hundred dollars, with permission for him to seek a master; that, under this permission, he came to this city, and has found a master willing to give the price set on him by his mistress, and to relieve him from slavery by a short, temporary servitude. This note in writing is stated to me by two witnesses, under their hands, (Wm. J. Miller and John Miller, jun., both gentlemen of character,) to be of the proper hand writing of the mistress; and Isaac T. Hopper informs me, that the sum of two hundred dollars has been tendered to the agent of the widow. Under these circumstances, there can be no manner of doubt of the right of Peter to his freedom, (perhaps even without payment of the money,) for by his coming into Pennsylvania, with permission of his mistress and *not as a fugitive*, he becomes immediately free, unless he accompanies his master as a sojourner for six months only. This, however, will not be insisted on, if her agent is willing to accept the money which the bearer, Isaac T. Hopper, assures me he will pay him.

But the object of this letter is, to inform thee, that it is represented to me, that thou hast informed the bearer, that thou wilt grant a permission to the Agent of the widow to take this man out of the State, unless witnesses are produced, before five o'clock to-morrow morning, to authenticate the facts above stated. From my long acquaintance with thee, and thy general character, I can scarcely believe it possible, that a magistrate could exercise so peremptory, so arbitrary a power, to anticipate the usual hours of business, and prevent the benefit of the writ of Habeas Corpus in favor of Peter's liberty. I say I cannot believe this to be true of a man I have so long known, and hope that nothing more will be heard on the subject. Should I, however, from prejudice in thy favor, be mistaken in the conduct thou shalt pursue on this occasion, I shall lament the declension of the magisterial character in my native city and State.

Thy respectful friend,
MIERS FISHER.

MICHAEL HILLEGAS, Esquire.

Letter from Gerrit Smith.

To the Editor of the National A. S. Standard:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20, 1840.

Whilst detained in this city, I see your paper, in which one of your correspondents represents, that I said, in a printed letter of November, 1838, "that any man who voted for *W. H. Seward* was no better than a sheep-stealer." I should be very sorry to have it believed that I spoke so foolishly and uncharitably of the abolitionists who voted for Governor Seward—the high moral worth of many of whom I most cheerfully acknowledge.

Your correspondent has surely not intended to misrepresent me. Had he read the letter in question more attentively, he would have seen my position to be—"that for an abolitionist to vote for a pro-slavery man is as inconsistent as for a member of a church to steal sheep." The object of the comparison was but to show the gross inconsistency of such an abolitionist. It was, in no wise, to liken his offence, either in kind or degree, to the crime of sheep-stealing.

Your same correspondent persists in saying, that I prayed in the Syracuse Convention. Whether I did or did not, is in itself immaterial. But, inasmuch as I have publicly said that I did not, it is no compliment to my veracity to have it said that I did. In this case, however, as well as in the other, I am willing to acquit your correspondent of intentional misrepresentation. He was probably present in the prayer meeting, which preceded the opening of the Convention—and, strange mistake! identified that meeting, in which several persons, including myself, led in prayer, with the Convention.

Respectfully yours,
GERRIT SMITH.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1840.

Democracy at the South.

We have hoped that the result of the recent Presidential election would satisfy the lovers of liberty in the Van Buren ranks, that the slaveholders can place no confidence in the name of Democracy, if it be not of a Democracy that holds slaves, and lives south of the north line of the "Peculiar Institution." Poor Van Buren pledged himself to slavery, but with such awkward haste, that the South distrusted him. He over-acted. It was evidently *cunning*. They had more confidence in Virginia-born Harrison. We had hoped that this election would disgust all honest men of the Van Buren party with partyism. They see by the log cabin triumph, what *virtue* there is in party *argument*. They once carried the same end, by hurraking for Jackson. Old Hickory "*came in*" once, under their cry, as Old Tip now "*comes in*" under the cry of the Whigs. They can see the senselessness of Tip, which they could not see when it was Hick. The Hero of the Thames don't sound like presidential qualification in their discomfited ears, as Hero of New Orleans did. The farmer of the North Bend does not signify, as did the farmer of Tennessee; and the treachery of the South to Van Buren, or its postponing his homage to Harrison's, might, we thought, disgust them with slavery, as a democratic divinity; and it may be that Van Buren's betrayal of liberty for office, by his pledge to veto, may look detestably in their eyes, now he is defeated, and it turns out to be *unsuccessful* treason. We do not profess skill in political conjectures. We do not know what has produced the result of the election, nor what States have gone for Harrison, (we don't care) nor what hand slavery has had in it. But we have taken for granted, that slavery has played our nominal democracy a trick, and that slavery might therefore lose its comeliness in its eyes. We do not desire an anti-slavery party to spring up in the North against slavery at the South. We wish no such division. We desire the reformation of the South, and think it can be effected, if the North will reform before them. Slavery can only be abolished by moral reformation North and South. A political disunion would neither produce nor promote that, it seems to us.—We do not want a liberty political party. But we have had some hopes that the honest Van Buren men, the unsophisticated portion of them, would become so far disgusted with politics, as to become open to anti-slavery conviction, and become, in fact and truth, abolitionists. We hope, moreover, that the plain men, of all parties, will be able soon to listen calmly to anti-slavery truth, and that they may all take alarm at the awful influence slavery exerts over the politics of the country. Both parties have bowed to the grim moloch. Their orators have rivalled each other in propitiating Southern favor, by abusing the Abolitionists and anti-slavery; and all have seemed to consider the election at the disposal of slavery. This would alarm any body but party politicians. Nothing, perhaps, can alarm them, but the success of an opponent party. Their servile devotion to party alarms us. We are afraid they have become, under it, so insensible to moral principle and the claims of humanity, that anti-slavery can never savingly affect them.

We will rejoice, at any rate, that the struggle is over, and hope the land will get sober. The agitation is of a most unsalutary character. It is an excitement akin to that of ardent spirit, and the *tremor* of the people is a "*tremens*" of the "*delirium*" type. All who come out of it are disinclined to duty, and unfitted to attempt it.

We trust our anti-slavery friends will awake from their delusion of third party instrumentality—all who have fallen into it. We have not heard *what States* have gone for Birney. We have been almost amused, (had we not been rather grieved at the remembrance of other days,) at the party course taken and the party airs assumed by our anti-slavery party editors, in displaying the pretensions of their candidates. Mr. Birney has not been called the "*farmer*" of any thing, or the "*hero*" of any place or thing. But they have displayed the whole of his name in capitals. Not content with ordinary James G., they have *unfurled* the whole before the people—the *Gillespie* and all; and they have put him on a surname, or cognomen, as the Greeks did on to Aristides. They have publicly styled him, "Birney the Just." And they have written a sort of Biography of him, *a la party*, and have, in true politician vein, asked, (and answered it!) "Who is James G. Birney?" or rather James *Gillespie* Birney! and his rival pretensions have been developed with all the minuteness of a possibility of election—which we suppose is quite as possible as that of the general lark-catching at the fall of the blue sky over us. He must yield to Tip for the present, at any event that is likely to take place. His popularity is no match for the tenant of the log cabin.

We could mourn at the delusions and antics of our old anti-slavery friends, in their desperate zeal to push new organization. They are driven by it into this project of a third political party, which to us seems perfect extravagance—and is so, unless we are mad. The Abolitionist and Emancipator have seemed to us, for some weeks past, to be the work of monomaniaism at least, if not wholesale craziness. They have seemed to regard themselves as the organs of great political parties, and to act like insane men, who thought they were princes, and were making disposition of their kingdoms and their courts! We may be mad ourselves. This sometimes leads insanity to see madness in others. But it really looks to our eyes as if our *political* brethren were beside themselves. The great parties are really mad, but they have such multitudes in their ranks, that it gives them, in their own eyes at least, the appearance of rationality. They can keep each other in countenance by their numbers. Our brethren are making the same parade, while they are almost bare of followers. This comes of new organizing. To new organize our grand old movement was a mad step, and madness must characterize all its results. We should go on in simplicity, as we begun, working at the anti-slavery wheel with all who are disposed to work at it, whatever else they may be disposed to work at besides. We exhort each and all of our seceding brethren either to say, once for all, that abolitionism is fanaticism, and quit all profession of it, and return to pro-slavery soundness of mind—or else magnanimously confess the sin of new organizing, and betake themselves, humbly and sublimely, (for humility is the only sublime in character,) to the old anti-slavery platform, and work there, independently, with Garrison, or women, or children, or non-resistants, or whoever else will come on to it in bona fide anti-slavery dress. We solemnly warn them that there is no other way given under heaven, whereby they can be abolitionists.

The British Steerage.

Our friend Remond experienced, on his passage to England, in the Columbus, the tender mercies of the *American* steerage. We went in the cabin. We did not know beforehand of Remond's necessity of going in the steerage. Indeed, we did not know enough of a ship to understand what the steerage was. We might have known that, of course, there was a Jim Crow car—a "negro pew" of some sort or other, on ship board, if the colored man was admitted at all as a passenger. We do not know how that is—whether he is competent to be a *passenger* or not in an American ship. We apprehend he is not. Had we known or thought of this, we are inclined to think we should have said to Captain Cropper, of the Columbus, "Here is our friend, who wants a passage with us to the World's Convention. We are co-delegates to that. We are co-travellers to the Judgment seat also. We are, in short, co-partners in humanity, and we want a *co-passage* across this Atlantic. If he wishes a cabin passage, you must afford it him, or we cannot sail in your ship." Or if it were absolutely necessary that we cross, we should have said, "If you will not allow a cabin passage to *him*, we go with him in the steerage." But we took a cabin passage, and friends Adams and Remond took the steerage, and underwent there all that *colorphobia* brutality could cleverly inflict.—Returning home, we took, with friend Garrison, the steerage of the Acadia. We took our berths at Glasgow, from a plan of the steamer, exhibiting its interior. The price of the first cabin was 38 guineas—of the second cabin 19; with assurances that, although it would lack the luxuries of the first, it would be in all respects comfortable. This, by the way, we had learned of the agents at London, in regard to the Britannia, of the same line, and the same kind of ship. We were expending *anti-slavery* funds. We regarded them as sacred, and to be used with all possible economy. Our own means were the fruits of the labor of New-Hampshire abolitionists—much of it earned on the patches of soil that *occur* between the masses of her *staple*, *the granite*. We wished, moreover, to avoid the intemperance, profanity, &c. &c. that usually attend the higher classes of *aquatic* society, as well as society on land; and, furthermore, we felt, as abolitionists, that it would become us to experiment with our brethren at the humbler end of the vessel. Yet we expected *decency* of treatment and fare. We went on board, and were somewhat discouraged at appearances, but were told by our apology for a steward, who made us think, poor fellow, of Andrew Fairservice, in Rob Roy, that "the ship was hardly finished, and we would by and bye have good accommodations,—yes, very convenient and nice, to be sure, indeed." Some of our dear British friends, who accompanied us on board, and saw our destined quarters, besought us not to attempt the passage in them, and we felt strongly inclined, as they left us, to purchase a chance at the other end of the ship, which we could then have done, by paying the additional 19 guineas, and a guinea to the head steward. We delayed doing this, however, especially as we found our state room, though rather crowded, was yet well aired and cleanly furnished,—the ship being new; and we thought *human* treatment was to be had, of course, as to fare in other respects—although we found reason to apprehend otherwise during the first day of our passage. We embarked at two in the afternoon, and attributed our *not having any dinner*, to the bustle and hurry of embarkation. We went to bed in confident expectation of *breakfast*, if we lived to see morning in the Irish channel. Morning came, and there was no lack of cooking array, and preparation for breaking the fast of the night. We were decidedly hungry, for almost the first time in our life. The breakfast hour "came and went," but brought no breakfast to the "second cabin." Indeed, we had no eating-room, we soon discovered. The proprietors of the splendid steamer Acadia had a "second cabin," intended for passengers, at *one hundred dollars*, for some 12 days' entertainment, but had provided no room for them to eat in, and, of course, no table for them to eat at, or chair or seat of any sort, to sit down on. Ten o'clock came, and no signs of any thing to eat. We became faint and really ashamed at our condition. It occurred to us, that it might be the intent at head quarters, to compel us to the other end, for the sake of the passage money. This inclined us, probably, to a little further endurance, rather than comply. We had taken passage, as human beings and as passengers, and had paid something too like a reasonable price of a passage to comport with the idea of being merely carried across the sea among the freight. Our *apparition* of a steward, (for we were appointed a steward in form, which showed we were considered passengers,) told us he could not account for the state of things—he really could not—it seemed strange to him; but he had no doubt we should have better accommodation. We told him we should be glad if we could have *any*—that, as yet, we had nothing that looked like accommodation for human beings. At length, when the sun was high over Ireland, our steward politely announced breakfast. We descended into the gangway, between the officers' rooms, and a kennel for servant passengers, which looked like some of the dog berths we had seen in the zoological gardens, only it had no air hole, and there we discovered our own *crib* and *fodder*. A narrow board was arranged as a table, near enough to the wall to enable us to reach it from a narrow seat that was fastened to the wall, and on it was placed fragments of stale bread and other articles corresponding, which were hardly fit for a famished convict on the way to Botany Bay. We hardly knew whether to sit at it or not. As we passed our state room, by the way, on the way to this tie-up, we saw half a dozen seamen eating their breakfast or *lunch* in it—a sight by no means mitigating our sense of our condition.—We were too faint with hunger to hesitate long whether to attempt to get down some of the viands on our *board*. We hardly knew what to *make of things*. After escaping from the foddering, we took care to clean out our sleeping quarters of bones and other remains of the meal the shipmates had been devouring in there. It had a lock and key, and we turned the key and put it in our pocket, and went on deck. Mr. Richardson, a merchant from Halifax, and the Rev. Elon Galusha, *son of a Governor of Vermont*, occupied the same state room with us. At our crib, were three decent looking young men, servants of gentry in the "first cabin." We, be it borne in mind, were in the "*second cabin*." It looked as well as the first, on the plan at the agent's office. These three young servants slept in the kennel adjoining our *dining room*. We felt really humbled at our treatment—mortified, and, we cannot deny, indignant. We had no objection to the company of the servants. We much preferred it to that of their masters and their associates, who were making such brutal provision for us. We resolved to send a note to the captain. After finding, with much difficulty, a place to write on, we proceeded to pen a few lines, apprising him of our treatment, and giving him to understand, that such of us as were editors of public journals in America did not like, independent of the endurance on the way, to have to represent what truth would oblige us to, respecting his ship, to our countrymen. We regret we did not send it. But the first mate, learning what we were doing, came to us and begged we would not send our note to the captain, that he was ignorant of our treatment, and it would wound his feelings, &c. &c., and that it was the head steward's fault, and he would immediately send him to us, and our orders to him would be strictly attended to. The steward accordingly came, and made the necessary promises, and for a time our *board* was more decently supplied. We got out of the smooth channel into the rough open sea, and sea sickness came on, and made us indifferent to our fare and treatment. After this was abated, our privations and incommodings returned, and increased, if possible. The steward brought sea water into our state room for our washing. We *prevailed* on him to carry it out again. Instead of a towel, he brought us a sheet, which he hung up on a nail, and assured us very emphatically "it was altogether preferable to towels—indeed it was." We resolved again to write to the captain, feeling ashamed to endure such ignominious usage, without doing what we could to remedy it. But the tossing of the steamer, and its shaking under the motion of the enginery, made it so difficult to use a pen, that we delayed it, and endured on, from day to day, half amused and half roused to utter impatience at our abominable treatment, and the ludicrous demeanor of our steward. The steamer wrought admirably, and promised us a speedy deliverance. We were consoled, too, at the idea that we were gathering useful anti slavery experience. We were learning a little what it was to be at the caprice of others. The poor slave is totally at that caprice. We could conjecture, by our little endurance, what his must mean. Still, we had days before us, and our treatment was criminal on the part of the officers of the ship, however wholesome it might be for us, and we felt we were not justified in refraining from remonstrance at least. We drew up another note to the Captain, thinking it possible he might not know the facts of our case, when lo! another difficulty:—our fellow passenger, Galusha, declined signing it—for fear, as he said, they would only treat us the worse. We told him we cared nothing for that;—we had as lief be treated a little worse, as to be treated as we were. It behooved us, we thought, to show a decent sense of our treatment. But our Rev. friend would not sign. He had been into the British Conference, and had a wholesome respect, as it appeared, for British power, and lest they should straiten our allowance a little more, he feared to sign the note. We knew it would be worse than useless to send it, unless signed by us all, and we let it go by. We ought to have sent it. Our *scurvy, indecent* usage continued to the end of the voyage. We came to the conclusion, after a while, that the "second cabin" was to be devoted to servants, and they seemed determined that the treatment there should be such as to disincline any but servants from going into it.—This, and if possible to *induce* us to go into the cabin aft, and pay the first fare, we concluded was the secret of the behavior of the Acadia towards us. We intended, while undergoing it, to give it to the world as soon as we got to our types; but have had so much anti-slavery work on hand, that we had almost forgot it. On the whole, the wrong of the Acadia was in treating *servants* as she treated us. She has no right to treat *servants* inhumanly. They should be treated as *men*. They treated us very unworthily as passengers. No doubt they thought it expedient, in order to keep up a wholesome distinction between the two ends of the ship. This distinction is not for behavior, or appearance, but for social condition. It is between gentlemen and servants. Anti-slavery knows no such distinction. It respects the servant as much as the master. Anti-slavery has no *steerage*—no "*nigger pew*"—no *Liberia*, and it will tolerate none in the world. There is much, by the bye, of abominable tyranny practised on ship-board. We mean to expose it and blow it up. Men are treated there like brutes. The poor sailors are treated with no more consideration than dogs. They are spoken to as dogs, and sworn at as dogs, and if they provoke a tyrant of a captain or mate, they are beaten like dogs. There is no propriety in it—no sense in it—no need of it. A sailor may be as respectable a man as any other, and may as safely be well treated and respectfully used as any other member of the human family. Abolitionists must look into this and into every species of human indignity that prevails. They can't abolish slavery otherwise.

Voting for Birney and Earle.

We copy the following article from the Pennsylvania Freeman, and append a few notes:

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to direct your attention to the concluding paragraph of a short article contained in the last Herald of Freedom. It is a specimen of what I call *mad logic*. (1)

"Voting for Birney and Earle is worse than voting for Harrison and Tyler—in our estimation—that is to say, more hurtful to our cause. Voting for Harrison only harms the individual voter. (2) Sustaining the anti-slavery party movement strikes at the very principle and foundation of our cause. It aims to reduce it to party, which is to destroy it."

Now, Mr. Editor, this "anti-slavery party movement" may be a very wicked and much to be dreaded thing, and voting for Birney and Earle most dangerous policy; but, most certainly, our friend Rogers resorts to the last kind of reasoning to prove it. (3) Let us look at what he says.

The first sentence in the paragraph quoted, is a bold and wide sweeping assertion; and more than that, one that will be a cordial to the troubled spirit of many a recreant, partyled, Whig abolitionist. (4)

This bold proposition is made to rest on three minor assertions as *reasons*. (5)

1. "Voting for Harrison and Tyler only hurts the individual voter." That is, a man's inconsistency and unfaithfulness does no one any harm but himself. A discovery. (6)

2. "Sustaining the anti-slavery party movement strikes at the very principle and foundation of our cause." One sweeping assertion to prove another. (7)

3. "I aims to reduce it to party, which is to destroy it." The whole, clinched by a final, fearless, *ipse dixit*, by way of capping the climax. (8)

This is what I call reasoning with a vengeance! If brother Rogers has no better logic than this to sustain him, I would advise him to stop and battle on the other side of the question.

P. A.

(1) It is "mad," rather, to call our article "logic." It is *statement*, and purports to be nothing more. We do not hold to what they call *logic*. We have no occasion for it. We deal in self-evidents.

(2) That is, *comparatively* harms. We have just above said, "*more hurtful*."

(3) Do we resort to *any* kind of reasoning? We think no *reasoning* is required to prove these *plain* matters. We *assert* them.

(4) It can scarcely be a "cordial" to any body, to be ranked, in anti-slavery statement, below third party abolitionism. It is only calling one the least of two evils.

(5) Are these minor assertions all *true?*

(6) In the connection, it means *comparatively* does harm. The "discovery" is yet to be made.

(7) A sweeping *truth*, whatever it *proves*. To *partyise* anti-slavery murders it. We assert it before the world. If it *proves* any thing, we are glad of it.

(8) As to the *dixit*, we have only to say, it is a *true* one, whether uttered by "*ipse*" or *ille*. It is not over-fearless—is not intended to be particularly "final." We neither clinch nor cap. It is simple statement. Is it not *true?*—That is the question. No matter for the *logic*. Is it *truth?* This article is a little wise above measure. It is welcome to our hasty notes, in token of our having read it. It does not deny the truth of our *assertions*; and if it could not do that, it had better been spared. We merely re-affirm, that voting for Harrison and Van Buren harms the individual abolitionist, rather than the cause, *comparatively*,—and that voting for the Birney ticket inflicts a blow upon the cause, which would be mortal, if it were, not nugatory. The Birney movement cannot be prosecuted. One word further: the farce is now played out. We call on our respected friends, the actors, to doff their comic uniforms, and to return to actual anti-slavery life. They have made a prodigious mistake. Our cause must maintain its *morality*.

THE WRITINGS OF GARRISON.—Our readers, we are confident, will be highly gratified with the beautiful passages from the early writings of Garrison, which we have placed on the first page. They will show the workings of his mind at a period when he stood almost alone as an advocate, in this country, of that great principle, which has wrought such a mighty revolution in public opinion, and which constitutes the vitality of the anti-slavery enterprise—IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION. We purpose to continue the selection through the successive volumes of the Liberator, and from other sources, down to the present time.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—We are not without hope, that the faithful and timely admonitions of the Irish Friend to the Society in this country, for its indifference to the cause of human rights, and particularly for its craven and cowardly course on the subject of prejudice against color, will exert a highly favorable influence. Of all men, a Quaker has the poorest apology for not espousing the anti-slavery cause.

THE CHRONICLE.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—The annual meeting of the State Society for the Western District of Pennsylvania, as we stated last week, was held at Pittsburgh on the 4th and 5th inst. The number of delegates in attendance was unusually small, (only 48?) owing, says the Christian Witness, to the want of personal labor before hand, and the all-engrossing character of the recent political contest. On account of the sickness of the Corresponding Secretary, (W. H. Burleigh,) the Executive Committee presented no Annual Report. The third article of the Constitution was amended by adding to it this clause—"and we will in no case countenance the slave in a resort to physical force to obtain his liberty." The omission of this clause, when the Society was formed, occasioned dissatisfaction on the part of some friends of the cause, who are conscientiously opposed to war. A proposition to make the Society auxiliary to the new *Emerga* association was lost, 22 to 17; but a vote was passed withdrawing auxiliaryship from the American A. S. Society. We are not surpr

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—The special meeting of the State Society, our readers will recollect, is to be held at Philadelphia on the 22d of December. The Freeman corrects an erroneous impression, which it says has gone abroad, that the meeting is to be of an exclusively political character, and urges, in animating language, the attendance of all, assuring them that it will be just what they choose to make it. We give the closing paragraph of the editor's appeal, earnestly hoping that it will be promptly responded to.

Come one—come all, then. The meeting ought to be—and let us make it—the largest ever held since our Society was organized. Throng in, friends of the slave, from the borders of the Delaware and the banks of the Schuylkill; from the shores of the Susquehanna and all the glens and winding valleys and rock-crested hills, among which wind their widely branching tributaries. Come all who wish the prosperity of our cause, old and young, male and female, and let the expression which shall go from that meeting be the true expression of the whole abolitionism of Eastern Pennsylvania.

On the subject of petitions to Congress and the State Legislature, the Philadelphia friends are sending out warm appeals to their fellow-laborers in the country. Two forms have been issued for Congress—one praying that body "to take all constitutional and proper means for so amending the laws or the constitution of the Union, as to abolish all requisitions upon the people and public officers of the nation, and of this State, to aid, assist, or participate in holding human beings in slavery;" and the other praying it "to take measures for effecting such change in the constitution or laws of the Union as will cause the President and Vice President to be elected by a direct vote of the people; and also to abolish all representation of property in the Government of the United States." The one addressed to the State Legislature asks that body "to exercise its full constitutional power for effecting the abolition of all requirements upon the Government and people of the Union, and of this State, to aid or participate in holding human beings in slavery within this commonwealth, or elsewhere; and also that it will grant the trial by jury in all cases where the right to liberty may be in question."

We have heretofore stated, that the Female Society in Philadelphia will hold a Fair during the meeting of the State Society. It is proposed to have a larger proportion of really useful articles than at former sales. One part of the plan is quite novel, and we presume will be as profitable in a pecuniary way as any measure that could be devised. We allude to the *poultry department!* It is expected, says the Freeman, that turkeys, geese, chickens, &c., will be contributed, *of course*, by the liberal hearted farmers, who are not willing in the midst of their abundance to forget the destitute; and that the citizens will be glad to sweeten their Christmas dinners with the reflection that the price has gone into the treasury of Freedom, to aid in sundering the captive's chain, and procuring for him a share of those rich blessings which they enjoy.

A correspondent of the Freeman, who writes from Chester county, protests, in strong language, against the proposition to nominate an anti-slavery candidate for governor.—He says—

This measure seems fraught with more disastrous consequences to the success of our cause, than any which have preceded it. Indeed our friends here will view it with feelings nothing short of alarm.

What is the motive for it? Is it ascertained that the two great parties will disregard our wishes in their nominations for that office? Certainly not; but on the contrary, we have reason for believing that those parties will wisely consult our views and feelings—seeing that we can completely control the State; and besides, by so doing, they will only be acting out their own *professed* democratic principles.—What are we coming to, or where would our third party friends lead us? There has been enough done by way of political party organization. Already has it laid waste the influence of our friends, and brought in question with the public, their claim to honesty and integrity of motive. In vain do we try to defend their honesty of purpose with the community. "Did we not tell you that it would come out a political party at last!" is the quick and sharp retort, whenever we offer any thing in extenuation. They point to our *former* and oft-repeated disclaimer of intention to form a political organization, and at the *present* realization of their prognostications. Most sorrowfully am I convinced that this movement has been deeply injurious to our prospects, and most sincerely do I believe that its speedy and total abandonment is required by the highest interests of our cause, and ere we can expect to command the confidence of the people; or re-establish our claims to their respect, as men seeking solely the abolition of slavery.

THE CANADA FUGITIVES.—From the deep interest which our readers feel in the history and condition of those who have been guided out of republican bondage by the faithful "Star of the North," we presume they will peruse with great pleasure, the following statement from one of the editors of the Morning Star, who has recently visited Canada.

"During my stay in the province, the colored people, to the number of about two hundred, held a camp meeting in Norwich, a town a few miles distant from Woodstock.—Most of these were fugitives escaped from republican slavery. The meeting was attended with the blessing of God, and gained the reputation of having been one of the most *solemn, orderly* meetings of the kind ever held in the province. Many contradictory opinions are expressed respecting the character of the negro fugitives. Some represent them as most degraded and wicked; others say they are grateful for favors, upright, moral, and industrious. The testimony gathered from those who best know them, as well as from facts that fell under my own observation, generally corroborated the latter opinion. Doubtless, among the colored population, as among the whites, there is every variety of character. They partake of the depravity common to man, and probably are as bad, or *nearly so*, as white skinned people would be in the same circumstances. Bred from infancy amid scenes of oppression, cruelty and licentiousness, sunk in ignorance, and unrestrained by moral or religious considerations, it would be contrary to the laws which govern mind, and indeed would amount to a miracle, were they, without the use of means, to be metamorphosed instantly into beings of great moral or intellectual worth.

Since the return of Dr. Rolph from the "World's Convention" the colored people assembled in great numbers in Toronto, and listened with much interest to his report of the doings of that body. They are building themselves a place of worship in that city. This fact, considering their destitution, speaks well of their efforts to improve the privileges their liberty has gained them. But in the province, as in the United States, they suffer much embarrassment and many difficulties from the tyranny of cruel prejudice. The following instance of the display of this prejudice I had from an authentic source: Mr. Hamilton Merritt, a distinguished gentleman of St. Catharines, was recently travelling in a steam boat on the St. Lawrence. In the company was a colored man and his wife, who evinced by their tasteful apparel, gentility of manners, and sensible conversation, that they had been accustomed to good society, and had received a good education. The bell rang for dinner—the eager throng rushed to the table. But they were no sooner seated, than they perceived that "he of the sable hue," together with his companion, made a part of their number. Almost instantaneously, the company arose and left the table. The colored gentleman and lady, understanding that their presence was the cause of this sudden satiety of appetite, immediately arose with lacerated feelings, and going to the captain, asked him in pathetic tones, why he did not tell them that it would give offence for them to eat with the passengers; and saying that had they been aware of it, they would by no means have intruded themselves upon them. Mr. Merritt said that his own feelings were much wounded by the occurrence.

Some time since, an account appeared in the public journals, of the kidnapping of certain runaway slaves on the Canada shore, and also of their rescue by the colored people. I saw one of these (a woman) at St. Catharines. Her husband is still in miserable health from the injuries received at that time: There is little probability that he will ever recover. She goes out to washing to get means for their support, and bears an industrious, worthy character from her employers. Notwithstanding her toilsome life, she is contented that she is free. In answer to the question whether she would rather be in her former situation, she quickly replied, "*No.*" Our mistress was very kind to us—but there we were *slaves*—and we always feared that we might be sold, as we could be taken any time for our master's debts, or we might be left to the mercies of his sons. Our master did die,—his oldest son was coming into possession, and for fear of what might follow, we run away. After we got away he sold his claims to the man that kidnapped us." The sudden changes of the climate sadly effect the southern fugitives and many of them die with consumption. Perhaps their destitution of necessary comforts has also influence in producing this result.

Audacious Villany!

The Governor of Virginia has offered a reward of $3000 for all, or $1000 for each of the following persons—Peter Johnson, Edward Smith, and Isaac Gansey. These are the same persons (colored men) whom Governor Seward refused to surrender on the demand of the Governor of Virginia, and whom the Recorder of this city would not give up on a Habeas Corpus. The "felony" with which they are charged consisted in helping some of their fellow creatures out of slavery—a *crime*, which, in any other country than ours, would entitle them to the highest honor. Old "democratic" Virginia, however, deliberately offers a reward to any villain who will *kidnap* them! We have neither time nor room to-day for comments on this bold and audacious wickedness.

Important Correction.

☞ We insert, not only with cheerfulness, but with great pleasure, the following correction of a hasty remark, made by us in the last Standard, in relation to the clergy of Westerly, R. I. What we said was based on what we deemed, at the moment of writing, good authority; but we are now satisfied that the remark was not only ill-judged, but unjust to the persons alluded to. We therefore desire to recall it, and to make prompt reparation by the publication of the following testimony.

Westerly, R. I., November 21, 1840.

MY FRIEND:—I notice that, in a short paragraph in the last "Standard," referring to Dr. Hudson's letter, which gives an account of the shameful conduct of George D. Cross, in breaking up an anti-slavery meeting here, it is stated, that "the clergy of Westerly, or some of them, are the power behind the screen, that encourage and embolden him, and such as him, to acts of violence." Although it may be generally and naturally inferred, that the violent and mobocratic are encouraged by the baleful influence of proslavery clergymen, yet I am happy to state, that it is not the case in this village. The only two persons of that order in the place are both anti-slavery men, and have both borne a faithful testimony against Cross's conduct; and a large majority of our people as strongly reprobate it. The meeting house has been opened, by a vote of the proprietors, (21 to 15,) for the free discussion of the subject of slavery.

Our ministers, I am glad to say, are not "behind the screen" in this matter, but speak their anti-slavery sentiments undisguisedly. I regret, therefore, the publication of the sentence above quoted, and wish you, as an act of justice, to make a correction of the same in your *next* paper. You are, of course, aware of the deep disgrace which should attach to their character, if guilty of so gross a perversion of their duty, (which let the guilty bear); so that you will, I am certain, cheerfully make the correction.

We expect H. C. Wright, Dr. Hudson, and George W. Benson here, soon after the anniversary meeting in Providence, who, I hope, will do much good in the present favorably disposed condition of our people.

Our friend Abel Tanner is now here, and will add a few lines to what I have written.

I am yours, for justice to all,
CHARLES PERRY.

DEAR BROTHER:—I trust you will publish, without delay, the foregoing communication of our respected friend Perry. I can cheerfully respond to the statements made by him in regard to the clergy of this place, knowing him to be a faithful advocate of freedom. While we are all ready to rebuke, and have rebuked, those miserable panders to southern despotism—those dumb dogs, who are long and loud in rebuking the "fanatical" abolitionists, but are as silent as the house of death, when the cries of three millions of immortal beings rend the very heavens—we would not condemn those ministers who bear a faithful testimony against the abominations of slavery. Therefore I hope you will hasten to correct the unintended misrepresentation with regard to the clergy of Westerly. While the fires of mobocracy may still burn in the breasts of such men as the *ruthless* Judge, you will see by the letter of brother Perry, that the spirit of Liberty in the land of Roger Williams is neither dead nor dying, but still lives, to "scatter the living coals of truth" upon the unwilling ears of guilty oppressors at the South, and their no less guilty tools at the North.

Yours, for those in bonds as bound with them,
ABEL TANNER.

The Rose Street Disturbance.

The Pennsylvania Freeman, in copying the paragraph from the Standard of the 12th inst., in which we exposed the disgraceful conduct of some persons, who in the *outward* garb of Friends, disturbed the meeting in Rose street by shuffling their feet, while Thomas M'Clintock was speaking on the subject of Slavery, makes the follwing remarks:

SHAME ON THEM.—Our readers will be surprised to learn—as they will, by an article which we copy below from the N. A. S. Standard, that an approved and highly estimable minister of the Society of Friends has been interrupted in the midst of a religious discourse in a regular meeting for worship at one of the Friends' meeting houses in New-York city, by such tokens of dissatisfaction as ought to be regarded disgraceful even to a political caucus;—that conduct was witnessed in an assembly of this quiet and orderly denomination, which we venture to say would not have occurred,—and certainly would not have been tolerated in a religious meeting of any other sect in the country. And why was this outrage upon the rights of the preacher, and the quiet of the assembly to which he had come as a messenger of God's truth? For no other reason, it appears, than his noble faithfulness in maintaining, and honest plainness of speech in setting forth one of the greatest testimonies of the Society.

Has it come to this? Has this glorious testimony already, by reason of the growing tendency among the great body of its members to conform to the corrupt public sentiment and wrong customs of the world around, so far lost its excellency in the eye of its professed upholders, that they can no longer abide its promulgation in its purity, simplicity and unabated fullness?

If friend M'Clintock had qualified his righteous condemnation of slavery with a liberal share of abuse and calumny and bitter denunciation lavished upon those of other sects, who concur with him in holding, and are faithful in proclaiming the same testimony, would he have been thus insulted, and his rights as a man and a minister of the Most High been so trampled on in that meeting?

We are far from believing that the minister alluded to by the Standard, as being "in the habit of denouncing not only anti-slavery, but temperance societies," would himself approve this indecorous behavior we have had occasion to comment on:—this most unquaker-like, unchristain, unmanly and indecent outrage upon propriety and the good order of a religious assembly.

SARAH M. GRIMKE.—Inquiries are so often made respecting this formerly active public laborer in the cause, and her sister, Mrs. Weld, that we have thought it proper to copy the following letter, which we find in the last Pennsylvania Freeman.

BELLEVILLE, N. J., Tenth Month, 22d, 1840.

Dear Sister—The communication of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, inviting me to public labor amongst you in the cause of the slave, has been spread before my Heavenly Father to whom I desire to commit all my ways, knowing that it is only in the performance of his will that I can enjoy the light of his countenance. His providences clearly indicate that my post of duty is for the present at home. When I went out before, it was at *his* bidding and *therefore* with his blessing. When I suspended for a season my labors as a public lecturer in 1838, it was with the confident expectation that He who first called me to that field would speedily summon me to it again; that summons I have not yet received; to go without it would be worse than in vain. If called to resume the same labor by that great voice which summoned me at first to bear up the hands of my precious sister, I shall go forth with joy—till then, I must perform such Anti-Slavery labors as from day to day my hands find to do. Let us leave the choice of instrumentalities, with the times and the modes of their operation, to God.

Thy friend in the cause of oppressed humanity.
SARAH M. GRIMKE.

P. S. Many thanks, dear Mary, for thy kind assurance that if I come to Philadelphia, there are hearts and homes to welcome me; it would be pleasant to me to mingle with those who love the slave, but I cannot at present leave home with an easy mind.

Respectfully thine,
S. M. G.

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER!"—We have given place, in this week's Pro-Slavery Retreat, to two kindred articles—one from the New Orleans Picayune, and the other from the Vermont Chronicle! We hardly know which are most worthy of admiration, the piteous lamentations of the Southern editor over the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, or the equally luminous criticisms of the Chronicle's correspondent upon the conduct of the abolitionists in facilitating the escape to Canada of the star-led fugitives from southern bondage. To relieve, if possible, the "sad perplexity" of the northern pseudo "Philanthropos," who finds it "very difficult to understand" the motives of these fugitives and their friends for preferring the bracing air of Canada to the burning sun and fatal miasma of Liberia, we may remind him, that there is at least *this* difference between "the two colonization plans"—that while the one is *cursed* with the blessings of the slaveholder, the other is *blessed* with his curses! We are inclined to believe, that the lamentations of the Chronicle's "sadly perplexed" correspondent over the emigration, Canada-wise, of the slaves of the South, will have just about as much effect as the grumblings of the New Orleans editor over emancipation in the West Indies! Neither of these schemes, we opine, will stand still at their bidding.

THOMAS CLARKSON.—An interesting account of a visit to this venerable philanthropist, from the New-York American, will be found on the last page.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Many people excuse themselves from active labor in a good cause, on the ground that some of its advocates are imprudent, or betray an unlovely temper. If we could get the ears of such, we would commend to them the following paragraph from the Practical Christian, the editor of which, on the score of mildness, prudence, and gentleness of character, has as much occasion as any body to refuse to co-operate with his more impetuous and vehement fellow-laborers:

"We have had the question several times put to us, 'Do you approve of all such expressions and modes of discussion?' Well, what if we do not? What if our particular taste and feelings are crossed? Shall we therefore take ourselves off, and abandon a good cause? No; we are for light, though it displays some unseemly objects. We would not have universal darkness merely for the sake of having all persons and things of one color. We are for liberty, although some men play off very uncouth antics. We are for the right side and just cause, although some who advocate the same are rough-hewn and unpolished. We would have all men who are mainly right, altogether right, faultless, perfect. But this is not to be expected. If we kept aloof from every good cause that has imperfect advocates, and stayed away till our taste were suited in all respects, we should do like a great many other fastidious souls—throw ourselves into the scale of iniquity, oppression and murder. We have our own way of treating all subjects, and that way is somewhat different from the way of those who are really our betters. We shall adhere to our way, and tolerate them in theirs. We go for principles rather than phrases, for truth rather than rhetoric, for a right cause rather than graceful and gentle speech. Meantime we shall exert what little influence we possess, in favor of a calm, kind, melting enunciation of truth. And we hope to see the day when our philanthropic and religious assemblies will hear less *speechifying*, and more plain, sensible talking—less *scolding*, and more persuasion. But still, if we must have a *fine lie* or a *coarse truth*, give us the coarse truth by all means."

Joseph Sponsor, a negro, is now in the second municipality watch house. He was arrested at the request of the captain of the brig Cameo, for his insolence on board. He says he is free; but since his arrest he has been recognized as a slave who ran away from his master, Mr. Pichonie, in the island of St. Thomas, (West Indies,) some sixteen years since. He has resided for some years in New-York.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

And what have the authorities of New Orleans *done* with him? Slavery having ceased in St. Thomas, he could not be reduced to bondage, if he were carried back to that island; and besides, even if it were otherwise, having resided several years in New-York, there is no law (excepting, of course, the American *Lynch* code,) by which he can be enslaved. In all probability, however, the "two-legged wolves" will hold him in their bloody jaws. Is it not the duty of the Governor of New-York to inquire into his case, and extend to him, if necessary, the protection of the law?

FRIEND OF MAN.—I have not been able to find the number of the Friend of Man, which contains the misquotations, &c. which friend Goodell disavows. I will make further effort, and communicate the result of my examination without unnecessary delay. So much time intervened between the publication of my article and friend Goodell's complaint, that I cannot remember the details of the controversy. I am quite sure, however, that my assertion as to his misquotations, &c. will be found correct. J. S. G.

POLITICAL SUBSERVIENCY REBUKED.—The eloquent and faithful rebuke administered by SAMUEL J. MAY to those unprincipled and time-serving politicians, Van Buren, Harrison and Webster, and to the parties to which they belong, in the extracts from his fourth of July Address, which we have copied from the Liberator, will be found worthy of an attentive perusal. See the first page.

A VOICE FROM IRELAND.—We invite special attention to the honest-hearted and pungent remarks upon our national crime, which we have copied to-day from the Dublin Freeman's Journal. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

☞ Will the editor of the Reformer send us the number of his paper which contains the account of a meeting at the log cabin in Lynn, at which Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, appeared and spoke in a state of intoxication?

UNION HERALD.—Brother Myrick is requested to send his paper for one year, commencing Aug. 11th, to C. M. Billings, Hatfield, Mass., and charge this office.

Impromptu,

On receiving FORTY-ONE *new subscribers to the National A. S. Standard,* IN ONE DAY.

Hurrah for the Standard! we're not "used up" yet!
(It rains very hard—'tis outrageously wet)—
Our banner streams still to the winds, I declare,
And stream it still shall, in foul weather or fair.
Who says it shall *not?* What dastardly brain
Conceives that our efforts are futile or vain?
Whose shoulders are they that support such a heap
Some *priest* hath deceived it—some knave hath misled—
No *rational* mind such a thought e'er conceived,
Which none but bad-natured ones ever believed.
Ah! methinks I now guess it—the priest of New Organization begat it—that's a *priest* to the *core.*
But if from his altar no flame shall arise,
Till it burn with this golden and rare sacrifice,
His gods, I assure you, will growl and grow lean—
Their fast will be long and unbroken, I ween.
Bless the winds that bear up, in so gallant a style,
The banner of freedom—fierce raging, the while,
The conflict around and above and beneath,
With foes that now falter, tho' armed to the teeth;
Tho' hotter each moment, and thicker the fight,
The falchion of liberty, bared *for the* RIGHT,
Through corslet and helm, striketh home, and the blood
Of the fear-stricken foe gushes forth in a flood.
All glorious and fair goes the tide of the battle—
Borne up on the breeze, cometh slavery's death-rattle—
On—on to the conflict—press on to the rout—
"No concealment—no compromise!"—echo the shout!
Up, brother and sister, and father and friend—
For God and the Truth—we'll fight on to the end.

NOTICES.

NEW-YORK REFORM SOCIETY.

A public discussion, before the New-York Reform Society will be held on MONDAY EVENING, 30th inst., half past 7 o'clock, in the large school-room, basement of the Broadway Tabernacle—entrance in Catharine lane. Gentlemen and ladies are invited to attend. Tickets six and a quarter cents.

Question.—Does the prejudice of the white citizens of this country exist against the *color* or the *condition* of its enslaved and oppressed inhabitants?

The above question will be discussed by several gentlemen: JOHN N. STILL, *Secretary.*

SECOND APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC ON BEHALF OF THE AFRICANS TAKEN IN THE AMISTAD.

The time has now arrived when new and heavy expenses are to be incurred for the protection and deliverance of the thirty-six surviving Africans who are still in the custody of our government, awaiting the final decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Several hundreds of dollars are still due for the expenses of instructing them daily for upward of fifteen months, and eminent counsel will be engaged as soon as the means are furnished, to conduct their defence, at Washington City, next January. If any one doubts the extremity of the peril in which these Africans are placed, let him read the Congressional document containing the correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Spanish Minister.

Shall these hapless sons of Africa, for want of farther aid, and able professional defenders, be surrendered to the Spanish Minister, who claims them "not as slaves but as assassins!" Will not the generous men and women who have already contributed to afford instruction and legal protection to these interesting strangers, again open their hands for their relief—and will not those who have not yet contributed for these noble purposes, forward their donations, which are needed more than ever at this juncture! Donors can designate in what way their benefactions shall be appropriated—whether for education or general purposes. Such sums as may be contributed for the former purpose will be handed to the committee at New Haven, Rev. L. Bacon, Rev. H. G. Ludlow, and Amos Townsend, Jr. Esq., and other donations will be appropriated by the undersigned according to their best judgment. All donations will be acknowledged in the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, and a copy sent to each donor. The disbursements will also be published. Money can be sent to Samuel D. Hastings, Esq., No. 20 Commerce street, Philadelphia; to Rev. A. A. Phelps, No 36 Washington street, Boston; or to Lewis Tappan, 122 Pearl street, and 131 Nassau street, New-York.

S. S. JOCELYN,
JOSHUA LEAVITT,
LEWIS TAPPAN,
} *Committee.*

IMPORTANT MEETINGS.

Come One, Come All!

The subscribers, having consulted with many of the true and tried friends of the Slave, in the western counties of this State, it was deemed advisable to hold *anti-slavery meetings* in the following places and at the following times.

Measures have been taken to secure some of the ablest advocates of *Human Rights* which the country affords, besides a number of volunteer speakers, who have kindly offered their aid. Friends of the slave, will you not rally?—Let the old and the young, the grave and the gay—men, women and children—*all* who claim to be human, come up to the rescue of suffering humanity! The *object* is noble, the *means* righteous, and we earnestly ask your attendance and co-operation. Will you not come!

Cuba,	do.	Sunday, Nov. 29.
Chapelsburgh, Cattaraugus co.		Tuesday, Dec. 1.
Ellicottsville	do.	Wednesday, 2.
Guys,	do.	Friday, 4.
Jamestown, Chautauque co.		Sunday, 6.
Maysville,	do.	Monday, 7.
Fredonia,	do.	Wednesday, 9.
Evans, Erie co.		Friday, 11.
Hamburgh,	do.	Sunday, 13.
Aurora,	do.	Monday, 14.
Attica, Genesee co.		Wednesday, 16.
Batavia,	do.	Thursday, 17.
Lockport, Niagara co.		Friday 18.
Hartland,	do.	Tuesday, 22.
Albion, Orleans co.		Thursday, 24.
Brockport, Monroe co.		Saturday, 26.
Rochester,	do.	Sunday, 27.
Henrietta,	do.	Wednesday, 30.

The meetings will commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. and be continued through the evening.

A *general* Convention of the western counties will be held at a place hereafter to be designated, to commence on Wednesday, January 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and to continue at least two days.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
W. C. ROGERS,
W. O. DUVALL,
LORENZO HATHAWAY,
ESEK WILBUR,
GIDEON RAMSDELL,
P. D. HATHAWAY,
PLINY SEXTON.

Farmington, Ontario co., N. Y.
Nov. 2, 1840.

Editors friendly to the cause of human liberty are respectfully requested to insert the above in their papers.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It has been decided, upon consultation and advice with the friends of the cause in various parts of the State, to hold the Fair of 1840, during CHRISTMAS WEEK, and to spare no exertions to make it a pleasant and profitable occasion to the good old cause, which each year's effort makes dearer and dearer. Our Seventh Anti-Slavery Fair ought to command exertions proportionate to the need of funds. Donations and contributions may be left at 25 Cornhill; 11 West street; or 4, High street. If the friends would reserve their annual appropriation for Christmas and New-Year's presents till the Fair, the committee are confident that *no where* could a more exquisite or reasonable selection be made than from the tables of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR. Beautiful and rare articles of the usefully ornamental style, (many siyles never before imported,) are already received from members of the committee in England, France and Switzerland. Think of the cause, and for its sake reserve your gift-money till Christmas.

In behalf of the Committee,
MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

Boston, Oct. 23, 1840.

SINGING SCHOOLS.

Mr. WM. C. WEBSTER would respectfully announce, that he will open a School for the study and practice of SACRED MUSIC, in the Hall corner of Broadway and Houston st., (entrance to which is No. 603 Broadway,) on THURSDAY EVENING, the 19th instant, at 7 o'clock.

A Juvenile Singing School, for children of both sexes, from 6 to 15 years of age, will be commenced on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, the 21st inst., at half past three o'clock, at the same place. The Pestalozzian system is made the basis of instruction in these schools.

Terms to the above schools—the adult, for gentlemen, $3; for ladies, $2 per course of 18 lessons. The Juvenile School, $2 per scholar for 24 lessons.

Tickets of admission to the above schools may be obtained at the Book stores of Gould, Newman & Saxton, corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, John P. Haven, Broadway, and of Mr. W. at his Hall, on the evenings and afternoons of school.

Refer to Rev. J. O. CHOULES, 502 Broome st.
Rev. LA ROY SUNDERLAND, Editor of [the Watchman.
L. EAMES, Esq., 88 Hicks st. Brooklyn, N.Y.
N. SOUTHARD, Editor Youth's Cabinet.
G. H. ANDREWS, Courier & Enq. Office.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The British Royal Mail Steamer Caledonia, Capt. R. B. Cleland, arrived at Boston on Thursday, 19th inst. She left Liverpool at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, and of course has made the distance from dock to dock in 2 hours short of 15 days. She encountered rough and tempestuous weather during the greater part of the voyage, which accounts for her long passage. She arrived at Halifax on the 17th at 3 P. M., and sailed at 9 P. M., for Boston; blowing gales of wind in her teeth all the passage.

There is not a word farther from the British Chinese expedition, which is rather extraordinary, considering how long a time has elapsed since the receipt of last authentic intelligence.

A letter has been received, dated Liverpool, Nov. 4th, stating that the British Queen which sailed on the 2d inst. had been obliged to put back to Hasting on the 3d. Cause not known.

Resignation of the French Ministry.—The French Minister, M. Thiers, and his colleagues tendered their resignation on the 22d of October. The cause is thus explained. The Ministers had brought the draft of the royal speech.—His Majesty objected, not to the warlike wording of the speech in general, or to that of any part of it, but to the announcement in one paragraph of the immediate levy of one hundred and fifty thousand troops more. This included the anticipated levy of the conscription class of 1841. It seems that the German Powers have made representations against the increase of the French army, pointing out its inevitable result to be not to settle the Eastern question, but to disturb the peace of Europe. The King therefore objected to any such great addition for the moment to the military force of the country. Ministers immediately tendered their resignation.

Their resignations were accepted, and the Moniteur of the 23d contains the ordonnance forming a new Ministry, as follows:—

Marshal Soult, President and Minister of War.
M. Guizot, Foreign Affairs.
M. Duchatel, Interior.
M. Humann, Finance.
M. Villemaine, Public Instruction.
M. Martin, (du Nord) Justice.
Admiral Duperre, Marine.
M. Cunin Gridaine, Commerce.
M. Teste, Public Works.

According to private letters, this Cabinet gives great satisfaction at Paris to all persons of property, and to those who are truly desirous of seeing the peace of Europe maintained.

Probable Abdication of Louis Phillippe.—Several of the French and English papers have alluded to the probability that Louis Philippe would abdicate; but this important step in the affairs of France would not be taken on account of any political difficulties with which the King is surrounded, but on account of a domestic calamity, as will be seen from the following extracts from two French papers, copied into the London Times of the 28th ult:

The Commerce says—"Some indiscretions of the Camarilla have informed us, that at a family meeting held within the last few days at St. Cloud, in consequence of the continual state of mental excitement under which the Queen labors, since the atrocious attack of Darmes, the eventualities of an abdication were seriously discussed. No stranger was allowed to be present at this meeting, and the following day Madame Adelaide set out for Brussels.

The object of this journey, it is said, is to request King Leopold to go to London to ascertain what would be the feelings of the English government in case of an abdication in favor of his eldest son."

A letter dated Paris, and published in the Journal de Loiret, states that "it was reported in the best informed circles, that an abdication was considered inevitable, and that even the day was mentioned on which this event was to be made public."

King Louis Philippe and the Royal Family removed from St. Cloud to the Palace of the Tuileries on the 24th ult., on which occasion, it is said, there were never so many precautions taken in order to protect the King's return to Paris.

The Chambers were to meet on the 5th of this month, instead of the 28th ult., as originally announced.

The examination of Darmes before the Committe of the Chamber of Peers has been concluded, and the Chamber will proceed with his trial for shooting at the King, immediately after the conclusion of the debates on the address at the opening of the Chambers.

One hundred thousand men are to be called out to assist in the funeral ceremonies of the Emperor Napoleon, and the most extensive preparations are going on in every quarter to give effect and solemnity to the ceremony.

Syria.—The blockade of all the ports and coasts of Syria and Egypt actually commenced on the 6th ult., in consequence of which the government steamer Liverpool, with the London mails for the East, did not proceed further than Malta. The blockade is intended to be vigorously enforced, that no vessel of any flag, either mercantile or of war, would be permitted to enter or leave Alexandria after the 6th ult; and doubts were entertained whether even the French steamers would be excepted.

The news from Syria was favorable to the allies; and the general defection from Mehemet Ali; and the absolute abandonment of his cause by Emir Besche, rendered it doubtful whether the French would attempt to maintain his cause, although such a step was indicated by the resignation of the Thiers Ministry.

Spain.—The Queen Regent has abdicated. The Ministry, in publishing this manifesto, announces that it is provisionally charged with the Regency until the convocation of the Cortes.

The concentration of troops in the environs of Madrid continued to inspire general alarm, and the people were beginning seriously to apprehend that General Espartero meditated some coup d'etat.

It was rumored that the Emperor of Austria was about to abdicate. Other reports, with more probability, qualify this report by asserting that this Monarch merely intends to divide the sovereignity with his brother, under the title of co-Regent, in order to be able to act with more energy at a period which requires the greatest firmness.

The packet ship South America, from New York for Liverpool, was fired upon on the 2d inst just as she was entering the Channel, by an English yacht, full of men. The yacht proved to be a revenue cruiser, and the conduct of the officer in command is severely censured by the Liverpool papers.

There was a terrible collision on the 25th between the Britannia and Phenix, two steamships which ply between London and Harvre. They met at sea nearly off Dungeness Point, in the night. The Britannia struck the Phenix just before the paddle box, the weakest point of a steam vessel, cutting her down to the water edge. She immediately began to fill, and soon sank. The passengers and crew were taken on board the Britannia.

Vesuvius Preparing.—We learn from Naples 4th ult., that subterranean commotions had for several days been perceptible along the whole of the ground which crosses the road leading from the frontiers of Citerior Calabria to the Roman States, and that Vesuvius had for two days been emitting dense volumes of smoke, spreading a sulphureous odor, so that an eruption of the mountain was expected.

Tyre and Sidon Taken.—Constantinople, Oct. 4.—On the 24th of September, Admiral Walker, with the Turkish fleet, appeared before Tyre, summoned, and took it with 560 captives. On the 26, Commodore Napier appeared before Sidon and Saida with two line of battle ships, and with the Austrian divison. The Egyptian commander having refused to surrender, Napier commenced fire. After two hours cannonade the breach was declared practical, and 1000 British with 1000 Turks and 200 Austrians marched to the storm, and carried the town. The Archduke Frederick was first in the breach; 2000 Egyptians laid down their arms. The Allies lost 40 dead and 70 wounded. The result has been most complete and speedy. The whole of Lebanon is on fire, and Emir Beschir cannot withstand it. The effect was even worse on Ibrahims's own troops. The corps of 10,000 men, under Ibrahim, dispersed; and on the news of the taking of Saida, 60 officers, with 4000 men went over to Napier on the 27th. The four consuls, who had left Alexandria, had joined Napier's fleet.

Constantinople letters of the 7th instant state that an Austrian steamer had arrived with despatches, which the friends of the Divan represented as most menacing for Mehemet Ali. According to those statements, Soliman Pacha had taken refuge in Beyrout after his late defeat, with only 1500 men. The Allies had closely invested the place. Ibrahim Pacha was equally said to have thrown himself into St. Jean d'Acre with 2500 men.

These assertions, if well founded, would show that the military force of Mehemet Ali, stated at 60,000 men, was composed of a comparatively trifling number. The defection of the troops, and the revolt of the people against Mehemet Ali, was general. Every means were resorted to by the Allies to bring over the regular soldiers of Mehemet Ali, and to raise the people in insurrection. The entire force of the allies with which these matters had been effected, is estimated at only 5000 Albanians, 2000 English, and 500 Austrians.

Later from China.—The ship Ann McKim, Capt. Martin, from Canton, arrived yesterday, having left that port on the 21st June.

The steamers of the British squadron arrived June 16th, and one man of war with transports on the 21st, with a military force of 5,500 men. The overland mail of April 4th arrived a few days afterwards.

After this, Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer declared Canton blockaded in all its entrances to take effect June 28th. Only 500 land troops were left to sustain the blockade, and the main portion of the arrived fleet immediately sailed north on account of the season.

The remainder of the squadron was expected daily. In the mean time the Chinese laughed at the small force of 5,500 men. They had sent out floating fires, composed of old boats, loaded with combustibles, for the purpose of burning the British vessels, but the fire boats were easily prevented from doing any mischief.

The appearance was, that no negociation would be brought about, nor any efficient action on the part of the British, beyond the blockade, for some months, as the fleet which sailed for the north could not well get back if it should try.

STILL LATER.—By the Great Western, arrived at this port on Tusday, we have the speech of Louis Phillippe, at the opening of the Chambers. It is decidedly pacific in its tone, and strengthens the hope that there will be no war.

Although the news is only three days later, yet the London papers of the 6th inst. contain full particulars of the success of the Allied Powers in the East, and the consequent ruin of the Viceroy in Syria.

Queen Victoria was ill on the 6th, and an express was sent to London for her physician.

ITEMS.

Death of Professor Davis.—A letter from Charlottesville to the editor of the Richmond Whig, announces the melancholy fact of the death of Professor Davis. He died on Saturday from the pistol shot he received on the Thursday previous. The letter referred to gives the following particulars of his death:—"The 12th November is the anniversary of a celebrated rebellion which took place in the University some three or four years ago. On Thursday night last, the 12th, there were only two or three who could be found to commemorate the event. They went forth about 9 o'clock at night, armed with pistols and disguised with masks, &c. After making a good deal of noise upon the lawn of the University, they approached Professor Davis' residence, with the design, as he believed, to insult him.—He went out with the view of discovering who they were. He immediately came upon a very small person, who had a mask on, and who was otherwise disguised. He approached him, and reached out his hand to unmask him. The individual, without uttering a word, stepped back one or two paces, and fired the fatal shot. Thus has been cut down, in the vigor of intellect and the prime of manhood, a gentleman who was an ornament to society and the pride of the University.

We learn from Charlottesville, that a student, by the name of Semmes, from Georgia, was arrested on suspicion of having fired the pistol, which produced the death of Professor Davis, and that after examination, he was committed for further trial.

The student, who, it was stated in the letter from Charlottesville, published yesterday, had left the University, returned, and was the important witness at the trial—being the companion of the unfortunate young man, and an eye witness of the whole affair.

The Cherokees.—John Ross, the Cherokee Chief, reached Van Buren, on the Arkansas, on Wednesday, Oct. 7th. He had been delayed by various accidents on the route to his nation, he and his party having been obliged by the lowness of the river to take their course as they could by land. The Cherokees, alarmed for his safety, sent on a deputation to look after him, and he was met by a party previous to his arrival at Van Buren, where a still larger band of his nation awaited to escort him to the council ground.

John Howard Paine, who accompanies the Cherokee Chiefs to their country, proceeding alone on foot, in advance of the wagon, within about fifty miles of Van Buren, missed his path, and was astray from nine in the morning of one day till the middle of the next, in the wildest part of the mountains, wandering among them about forty miles. The Arkansas people turned out in every direction with the most creditable alacrity, in pursuit of him; and Ross offered a large reward for his recovery, if living, or his body, if dead. By a sort of miracle he regained his companions by his own exertions.—*Jour. Com.*

Four Lives Lost by Drowning.—The annexed extract of a letter, dated Centerville, Indiana, 29th October, confirms the intelligence first received via New Orleans, of a melancholy disaster and loss of lives near the former place.

"On third day (Tuesday) 20th ult., a serious accident happened about ten miles from us. A colored man with his own team

From the Monthly Offering.

The Slave's Reply.

BY M. W. CHAPMAN.

"What can I do for the cause?" said the farmer. "I should not be at a loss," replied the fugitive he had sheltered the preceding night, "were all these fields of yours *mine*."—*From a Ms. Sketch.*

When the creaking harvest-wain
Homeward bears the golden grain—
When the glowing orchard-trees
Bend beneath the autumn breeze—
When the dairy's rich produce,
Safely stored for winter use,
Fill your hearts with grateful pride,
Think of me, and set aside
Somewhat then, as freedom's due,
"As the Lord hath prospered you."
Blessed be you evermore,
In your basket and your store,
You in whose free homes the joy
Of a freeman finds alloy,
When the tale of wrong is told
Of our rights betrayed for gold.
Blessed be ye whom the cry
Of expiring infancy,
Or the mute, reproachful glance
Of grief too deep for utterance,
Moves your harvest-fruits to bring,
To my cause fit offering.
Brother! *now* my right maintain!
Bear not thou the heart of Cain:
Then the Lord shall have respect
To the shrines thou dost erect,
And upon thy faithful head
Blessings from on high be shed.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Lament.

They have gone, all gone, the birds of the air,
To the desolate forest, to seek their retreat;
Or have flown to the land of the sunny South, where
Perpetual summer the warblers shall greet,
To pour their soft notes 'mid the dark bough: that wave
In the breezes which sigh o'er the land of the slave.

They have gone, all gone, where sunlight and blooming,
In radiance and beauty encircle the land;
While stern-hearted Winter, his sceptre 's resuming,
O'er all our blue hills, with an icy-cold hand;
And the tempest clouds gather, all o'er the dark sky,
And the bleak northern breezes go hurrying by.

They have gone, all gone, and the music is hushed,
Which oft rose so grateful in moments of sadness;
Until from the full soul, in sympathy, gushed
The joyful response to their hymnings of gladness:
And silent are all things, o'er mountains and leas,
Save the rush of the stream and the moan of the breeze.

They have gone, all gone, and the woodlands shall ring,
At morning and evening, no more with their praises;
Till over our valleys, reconquering Spring
Shall bid her green banner to float on our breezes;
And free, the bright streamlet shall glide from the glen,
And the whole face of Nature be blooming again.

Oh! then they will come and renew their glad song,
'Mid the branches where first their young pinions were spread;
And Echo, awakened, the notes shall prolong,
Where now every voice, every motion is dead;
Till from tree-top and rock, and the green grassy sod,
United thanksgivings ascend unto God.

Thus, though dark clouds of sorrow shall over us fly,
And joys, like the birds of the autumn, depart;
Yet Hope shall rekindle the sun in our sky,
And welcome them back to their home in the heart;
Like birds to their own native woodland returning,
When the sun in the strength of his glory is burning.

'S.'

From the Southern Literary Messenger for November.

Be True to Thyself.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

Belshazzar was seated, at night, in his hall,
And thousands around him obeyed at his call;
In the midst streamed from fountains the ruby-red wine,
For the throne of the King was the Bacchanal's shrine;
When the sentence was written, in letters of flame—
"Thou art weighed and found wanting!" and splendor and fame
In the balance of Justice were counted as naught;
He was false to himself, and his ruin was wrought.

A ruler as strong—the Recluse of Ferney*—
O'er the empire of Mind held a limitless sway;
And far as the light of Intelligence shone,
Still the great and the noble his influence own.
But his soul was a sepulchre, dreary and dim,
And fearful their end all who trusted in him;
Against virtue and truth he unceasingly warred:
He was false to himself, and himself he abhorred.

The young and the bold wander forth from their homes;
The student pores over the black-lettered tomes;
The mariner braves, to win silver and gold,
The fierce torrid sun and the terrible cold;
And the soldier, the statesman, the poet—all pine
On their brows the perennial laurel to twine;
But when all is gained—when the strife is all passed,
If false to themselves, oh! what win they at last!

The poor man, the fettered, the slave in the mines,
Down deep in the earth where the sun never shines—
Yea, he whom the bigot has doomed to expire
In agony over the slow-mounting fire,
Feels up-springing within him a fountain of joy,
Which no pain and no peril can ever destroy;
The world did not give, and it cannot divest:
He is true to himself, and by Truth he is blessed,

The base, craven-hearted quail under the blow
The strong give the weak, and the proud give the low;
But he who can back on a true spirit fall,
No wrong can excite and no danger appal;
The vision of others is bound by the sky,
But he far beyond it a home can descry,
And he knows that in Truth he its glories shall win:
He who 's false to himself can ne'er enter therein.

Hold fast on thyself!—what though perils assail,
And thou standest alone in the pitiless gale:
Thou art lord of one soul, thou art king of one realm,
Which no strong arm can conquer, no wave overwhelm—
That shall last and grow brighter as nations decay—
That shall flourish, still young, when the stars fade away.
If true to thyself, thou thyself dost control:
Oh! there is no empire so great as the soul!

*Voltaire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence of the N. Y. American.

Thomas Clarkson.

I will detain you no longer from Playford Hall, the residence of Thomas Clarkson. I have never spent 24 hours more agreeably than at the mansion of this remarkable man. We approached the Hall through a beautiful little park thickly set with trees, which so embosom the house that we hardly caught a glimpse of it till our carriage stopped at its gate. The building was finished the year America was discovered, 1492, and is in the quaint style of the olden time. It is spacious, is surrounded by a moat filled with water, and its Court-yard was formerly entered by a draw-bridge. The ivy has crept over its walls, and roof, and the honeysuckle hangs in ringlets around the arched-windows, giving it an aspect at once beautiful and venerable. Our aged host welcomed us at the gate with a patriarch's blessing, leaning, like Jacob, on his staff. He led us to his drawing-room, and requested us to be seated, one on either side of him, and accept a present of some books. "This," said he, handing us his *Researches*," is the work of my old age. And, if the perusal of it interests you half as much as its composition did me, I shall be gratified. I wrote it when suffering under complicated infirmities, and as a means of drawing my mind from those bodily pains with which it pleased Providence to chasten me." He then wrote our respective names in it, with the ease and readiness of a man of twenty-five. "And here," continued he, "is a book interspersed with elegant plates; most of them portraits of my coadjutors in the work of abolition. This is a likeness of my excellent friend Mr. Wilberforce, now dead. Here is the portrait of Mr. Fox—and an admirable one it is of that great orator and noble man. This is a picture of Mr. Buxton, whose talents and virtues are as exalted as his person. And this is a likeness of our good little Queen. Thus he went through the book, giving a graphic description of each person's character as he pointed to the portraits. Having finished; "now," said he, rising and taking his cane, "the time has arrived for my usual ramble in the ground, and you must accompany me." We spent nearly an hour in threading the walks of the gardens and parks, during which Mr. Clarkson talked with as much vivacity as though not half of eighty-two years had sprinkled their shade and sunshine on his brow. In answer to enquiries about his age, he replied that he was born just at the close of the reign of George the 2d. "I have lived," said he, "under five Sovereigns, and seen the sun of life set on four of them; and my star is twinkling on the verge of the horizon. It must soon go out." He then gave a hasty sketch of each of these Sovereigns, with racy descriptions of many of the great men who had flourished in his time. "Of George the 2d," said he, "I knew nothing personally. George the 3d was a well-meaning, but stupid King, and generally managed to call able ministers around him. The Earl of Chatham was a wonderful man, and a great friend of America, too. You ought to cherish his memory. I once saw him when I was a mere boy, and was even then impressed with his majestic countenance. His son, Mr. Pitt, I knew well. He was an austere man—cold and stiff—and one of the closest reasoners I ever heard.—Never were two men more unlike than Pitt and Fox. I have often witnessed their conflicts in the House of Commons. Fox was an able statesman and a genuine friend of liberty: though, in regard to the abolition of the slave-trade, Pitt was equally sincere with him. You could place implicit confidence in the promises of both of them. Not so Mr. Wyndham. He pledged us his aid in this good work, and then deserted us. He was a testy man, very shrewd and clear-headed, but faithless. Mr. Pitt would gladly have carried the act of abolition, but some of his colleagues in the Cabinet were averse to it, and the King himself was incorrigibly hostile to the measure. Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox forced it upon Parliament, and with the aid of Mr. Pitt, carried it through. I had many interviews with Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox on the subject. Lord Grenville was very cautious and wary, and was afraid of Pitt. Fox feared nothing. He was courageous to a fault; and though he had a lion heart, was as mild and accessible as a lamb. I can never lose the impression his eloquence made on my mind. He was terrible in debate. No man could crowd the galleries of the House of Commons with so attentive an audience as he.—Burke was too splendid a genius to be practical. In oratory, he would sacrifice sense to sound;—and in measures, principle to brilliancy. He was too fearful of innovation for the age in which he lived, and we put no reliance upon him in our great struggle for the overthrow of the slave-trade, though he rendered us valuable aid." I inquired if Mr. Wilberforce was an eloquent speaker, remarking that I believed the general impression was that he was not an orator. Mr. Clarkson suddenly stopped, and erecting his bending form to the full height of his commanding person, replied, "William Wilberforce not an eloquent orator! He was one of the best speakers in Parliament. His voice was as musical as a flute, and his choice words followed each other with a regularity and beauty which made his sentences fall on the ear like the rich swells of an organ. His earnestness and pathos gave him great sway merely as an orator." I asked if his person was not diminutive, and his countenance tame and uninteresting. "Yes; but then," and my friend's aged eye kindled with the recollection of the struggles of 1805-6, "think of the magnitude of his theme! the majesty of his cause!" When asked his opinion of the two last sovereigns of Great Britain, he said, "George the 4th was a worthless fellow—skilled only in seduction and profligacy. He wasted his subjects' money, and did more to corrupt the morals of the higher classes than all the profligates in the kingdom. He was a curse to the realm. William the 4th was his antipodes. Honest, plain, well-intentioned, and with clever talents, he wished to rule for the good of his people. But, the best of them all is the Duke of Sussex. He is a liberal nobleman, a patron of literature, has one of the best private libraries in the nation, and devotes his time to something besides hunting and carousing."

In the foregoing, I have given, of course, only the substance of Mr. Clarkson's remarks. I have not time to transcribe my recollections of his shrewd remarks on Lord Brougham, Mr. O'Connell, and other living statesmen. Unlike most old men, Mr. Clarkson prefers to dwell in the present rather than the past. He takes a lively interest in the current events of both hemispheres, and discusses the affairs of Church and State with a zest and ability which delighted and surprised us. His numerous inquiries concerning the United States were of such a character as showed he had closely watched the rise and progress of our republic. After dwelling with enthusiasm on our rapid growth, great resources, and free system of Government, he said, "long, long may it be ere a Gibbon shall record your decline and fall!" "But," continued he, "there is one dark cloud on your horizon, which not only obscures your example as a free people, but will destroy you root and branch, unless it pass away. I mean slavery. Your mobs, too, are disgraceful, and bring into disrepute among us the democratic principle. In the name of humanity and liberal institutions, I beseech you to abolish the one and cease from the other." Should these hasty notes ever meet the eye of this eminent philanthropist, I know he will pardon me, yea, thank me, for sending this fervent appeal to my fellow-citizens across the Atlantic.

Our friend conducted us through his valuable library, where he spends two hours each morning in study. He is now engaged in making notes on select portions of Scripture. He delighted in exhibiting his rare collection of old works—the authors of the two last centuries—prizing them much higher than those of modern date. As we stopped to look at his bust, he hastily drew us away, saying, "that was taken at the request of the corporation of London, when they gave me the freedom of the city. I have no taste for such things." He showed us the original book, in which the proceedings of the first committee for the abolition of the slave-trade were recorded, in 1786, I think, and pronounced an eloquent and simple eulogium on his co-laborers in that body, "all of whom," said he, with a subdued pathos which thrilled our bosoms, "are no more." We left him in the library, and went to the rustic little village church to look at the grave of his only son, who, some two or three years since, was suddenly stricken down in the pride of his manhood. While on the tower, watching the last rays of departing day, tinging with the soft radiance of autumn the little valley of Playford, the bell of the Hall summoned our return to an evening repast, and a renewal of the conversations with our venerable host. The morrow brought us a clear sky, an affectionate farewell from the good old patriarch, and a delightful ride to Ipswich.

From Lander's Travels in Africa.

Interesting Incident.

As three of our men were straggling about in the bush, searching for firewood, a village suddenly opened before them; this did not excite their astonishment, and they entered one of the huts which was nearest them to procure a little fire. However, it happened to contain only women; but these were terrified beyond measure at the sudden and abrupt entrance of strange-looking men, whose language they did not know, and whose business they could not understand, and they all ran out in a fright into the woods, to warn their male relatives of them, who were laboring at their usual occupation of husbandry.—Meanwhile, our men had very composedly taken some burning embers from the fire, and returned to us in a few minutes, with the brief allusion to the circumstance of having discovered a village. They told us also that they had seen cultivated land, and that these women had run away from them as soon as they saw them. This we thought lightly of; but rejoiced that they had seen the village, and immediately sent Pascoe, Abraham, and Jowdie, in company, to obtain some fire, and to purchase a few yams for us. In about ten minutes after, they returned in haste, telling us that they had been to the village, and had asked for some fire, but that the people did not understand them, and instead of attending to their wishes, they looked terrified, and had suddenly disappeared. In consequence of their threatening attitudes, our people had left the village, and rejoined us with all the haste they could. We did not, however, think that they would attack us, and we proceeded to make our fires, and then laid ourselves down.

Totally unconscious of danger, we were reclining on our mats,—for we, too, like our people, were wearied with toil, and overcome with drowsiness.—when in about twenty minutes after our men had returned, one of them shouted, with a loud voice, "War is coming! O, war is coming!" and ran towards us with a scream of terror, telling us that the natives were hastening to attack us. We started up at this unusual exclamation, and, looking about us, we beheld a large party of men, almost naked, running in a very irregular manner, and with uncouth gestures, towards our little encampment. They were all variously armed with muskets, bows and arrows, knives, cutlassess, barbs, long spears, and other instruments of destruction; and, as we gazed upon this band of wild men, with their ferocious looks and hostile appearance, which was not a little heightened on observing the weapons in their hands, we felt a very uneasy kind of sensation, and wished ourselves safe out of their hands. To persons peaceably inclined, like ourselves, and who had done them no harm, we could look on their preparations with calmness; but as it is impossible to foresee to what extremities such encounters might lead, we waited the result with the most painful anxiety.

Our party was much scattered, but fortunately we could see them coming to us at some distance, and we had time to collect our men. We resolved, however, to prevent bloodshed, if possible,—our numbers were too few to leave us a chance of escaping by any other way. The natives were approaching us fast, and had by this time arrived almost close to our palm-tree. Not a moment was to be lost. We desired Pascoe and all our people to follow behind us at a short distance, with the loaded muskets and pistols; and we enjoined them strictly not to fire, unless they first fired at us. One of the natives, who proved to be the chief, we perceived a little in advance of his companions; and, throwing down our pistols, which we had snatched up in the first moment of surprise, my brother and I walked very composedly and unarmed towards him. As we approached him, we made all the signs and motions we could with our arms, to deter him and his people from firing on us. His quiver was dangling at his side, his bow was bent, and an arrow, which was pointed at our breasts, already trembled on the string, when we were within a few yards of his person. This was a highly critical moment—the next might be our last. But the hand of Providence averted the blow; for just as the chief was about to pull the fatal cord, a man that was nearest him rushed forward, and staid his arm. At that instant we stood before him, and immediately held forth our hands; all of them trembled like aspen leaves; the chief looked up full in our faces, kneeling on the ground—light seemed to flash from his dark, rolling eyes—his body was convulsed all over, as though he were enduring the utmost torture, and with a timorous, yet undefinable expression of countenance, in which all the passions of our nature were strangely blended, he drooped his head, eagerly grasped our proffered hands, and burst into tears. This was a sign of friendship—harmony followed, and war and bloodshed were thought of no more. Peace and friendship now reigned among us; and the first thing that we did was to lift the old chief from the ground, and to convey him to our encampment.

All the armed villagers had now gathered round their leader, and anxiously watched his looks and gestures. The result of the meeting delighted them—every eye sparkled with pleasure—they uttered a shout of joy—they thrust their bloodless arrows into their quivers—they ran about as though they were possessed of evil spirits—they twanged their bowstrings, fired off their muskets, shook their spears, clattered their quivers, danced, put their bodies into all manner of ridiculous positions, laughed, cried, and sung in rapid succession—they were like a troop of maniacs. Never was spectacle more wild and terrific. When this sally of passion into which they had worked themselves had subsided into calmer and more reasonable behavior, we presented each of the war-men with a quantity of needles, as a further token of our friendly intentions. The chief sat himself down on the turf, with one of us on each side of him, while the men were leaning on their weapons on his right and left. At first no one could understand us; but an old man made his appearance shortly after, who understood the Haussa language. Him the chief employed as an interpreter, and every one listened with anxiety to the following explanation which he gave us:—

"A few minutes after you first landed, one of my people came to me, and said that a number of strange people had arrived at the market-place. I sent him back again to get as near to you as he could, to hear what you intended doing. He soon after returned to me, and said that you spoke in a language which he could not understand. Not doubting that it was your intention to attack my village at night, and carry off my people, I desired them to get ready to fight. We were all prepared and eager to kill you, and came down breathing vengeance and slaughter, supposing that you were my enemies, and had landed from the opposite side of the river. But when you came to meet us unarmed, and we saw your white faces, we were all so frightened that we could not pull our bows, nor move hand or foot; and when you drew near me, and extended your hands towards me, I felt my heart faint within me, and believed that you were '*Children of Heaven*,' and had dropped from the skies." Such was the effect we had produced on him; and under this impression he knew not what he did. "And now," said he, "white men, all I want is your forgiveness." "That you shall have most heartily," we said, as we shook hands with the old chief; and having taken care to assure him we had not come from so good a place as he had imagined, we congratulated ourselves, as well as him, that this affair had ended so happily.

The old chief returned to the village, followed by his people, whom he addressed by the way from an ant-hill, on which he mounted himself. He put himself into a great variety of attitudes, and delivered them a speech which lasted more than half an hour. Whether this was relating to ourselves or not, we could not ascertain; but it seemed more than probable. They came back to us again in the afternoon, bringing with them a large quantity of yams and goora-nuts as a present, and invited us with urgent importunity to sleep in their huts for the night, promising to treat us as well as their circumstances would permit. We thanked them for their kindness, but for many reasons we did not embrace their offer. However, it seemed as though this refusal on our parts caused them to be mistrustful of our intentions; for the villagers were discharging their muskets from sunset till nearly eleven o'clock at night, when the chief paid us a third visit, and brought with him eight thousand cowries, and a large heap of yams, which he laid at our feet. Poor fellow! his countenance beamed with joy on discovering that we were really his friends. At length he was induced to place confidence in us; and as he wished us good-night he seemed well pleased with the tranquil appearance of things, and went away.

COMMON SENSE.—An English poet has said that although common sense be not one of the liberal arts, "it is fairly worth the seven." This is no doubt true. What is called *common sense* we take to be a personage of rather uncommon excellencies—not at all so uncommon as is usually thought. His name is often taken in vain by persons whose kindred to him is probably much more distant than that which exists between them and the children of Abraham by Keturah. He is a gentleman of distinguished rank, not often extolled by the world, but extremely independent in all his manners and habits. He sometimes dwells with men of learning and abilities, and when he chooses to form such an alliance, he adds great lustre to the league. In other instances he refuses all such connections. Learning and genius often go by themselves.—They are objects of great admiration, but they don't often effect much. They are like a large and finely rigged vessel out upon the ocean, without a helm. The man of learning merely, knows nothing about the world—he enquires of his friend 'what time of the year it is that the cows give milk.' Or, as the English lady once enquired of Dr. Chalmers 'la!! Mr Chalmers, which of those cows is it that gives that delightful butter-milk?' But this personage of whom we speak, is so independent as sometimes to refuse an alliance even with Kings. It was said of Charles the II., that he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one.' This was for lack of common sense, for his ability consists especially in the power of execution. And while he has often left thrones to be filled with fools, he has gone and dwelt with the poor man in his cottage. He adds great effect and honor to the preacher, especially when leagued with other qualifications. There is a dim tradition that he once had a bitter quarrel with the sermon *readers* of New England, and it is suspected by some, that so far as that particular thing is concerned, the breach has never yet been healed. He is a great admirer of the plain and simple in manners, habits, and things. Hence for fops, dandies, and all fashionables, he has an utter antipathy. He never enters their dwellings, except incidentally.—*Prot. and Herald.*

Fate of the Apostles.

MATTHEW.—This Apostle and Evangelist is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at a city in Ethiopia.

MARK.—This Evangelist was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, until he expired.

LUKE.—This Evangelist was hanged upon an Olive Tree in Greece.

JOHN.—This Apostle and Evangelist was put into a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

PETER.—This Apostle was crucified at Rome, with his head downwards, by his own request, thinking himself unworthy to die in the same posture and manner as his blessed master.

JAMES, the great.—This Apostle was beheaded at Jerusalem.

JAMES, the less.—This Apostle was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the Temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

PHILIP.—This Apostle was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

BARTHOLOMEW.—This apostle was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

ANDREW.—This Apostle was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people until he expired.

THOMAS.—This Apostle was run through the body with a lance, at Coramondel, in the East Indies.

JUDE.—This Apostle was shot to death with arrows.

SIMEON—Zealot.—This Apostle was crucified in Persia,

MATHIAS. This Apostle was first stoned and then beheaded.

BARNABAS.—This Apostle of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews, at Salonis.

PAUL.—This Apostle was beheaded at Rome, by the tyrant Nero.—*Frederick Visiter.*

Reproof.—It has been said, those who deserve most to be praised, will bear *reproof* with the greatest patience. Hence, it follows, that those who deserve most to be reprimanded, are generally the most offended when told of their faults. It is only those who excuse their errors, who are unwilling to be told of them. And this may be the true reason why many persons are so apt to complain of the manner in which they are reproved. They object to the manner for the purpose of diverting the attention from the occasion which they have given for rebuke. But, at the same time, we should be careful, that we give those whom we reprove no just grounds to cast the blame on us, if they are not made the better when we remind them of their duty.

Zion's Watchman.

God's design is to bring us happily to himself in another world, and he will leave nothing unessayed for this purpose. If we have the same end in view, and look up to him, as carrying it on steadily for us, we may be happy both here and hereafter.

ITEMS.

POLITICAL WICKEDNESS. The Presidential Election is over. On no former occasion has it been exceeded in violence, corruption, and national degradation. We announce its termination as we would the disappearance of the Asiatic cholera from our shores. It has been all of the devil—nothing of God. The means which have been resorted to, for its successful prosecution, cannot be justified on the ground of reason or morality. The American people are certainly losing all self-respect, and sinking themselves to a level with the servile populace of Europe. Were it not so, the ridiculous and demoralizing scenes which have been witnessed in the late political struggle would never have taken place. The erection of log-cabins—the cry of 'hard cider'—hammers, and guns, and trumpets—arches, illuminations, processions—convivial feasts and noisy hurrahs—what are these but conclusive proofs of the besotted state of the public mind! To what do they appeal, except to folly and ignorance! An intelligent and moral people should spurn them as so many insults offered to their good sense and moral integrity. We are by no means sorry that Martin Van Buren has lost his election, because it was a righteous retribution upon that wily politician for having sold himself and his party to the south; but we are not prepared to expect any thing better for the country by the elevation of Gen. Harrison to the presidency. He has literally been *manufactured* into office, as an automaton is made to order. It has been done at immense expense, and by all sorts of clap-traps, tricks and devices.—*Liberator.*

Transportation of Silk.—The Journal of the American Society states that the importation of silk into the United States, during the year ending 30th of September, 1839, amounted to nearly twenty-three millions of dollars. Compared with other articles imported, that of silk is one fourth more than the amount of any other.—The amount of manufactures of cotton imported was $14,692,397; of iron $12,051,668; of cloth and cassimeres $7,078,906; worsted stuffs $7,025,898; other manufactures of wool $3,567,161; one half the value of silks and worsted stuffs $1,169,042; total woollen goods $18,831,90. The importation of sugar amounted to $9,924,632; linen $6,731,278. So that the importation of silk nearly equals that of woollen and linen together, and is equal to half of the other fabrics combined.

The Jews of Damascus.—At a meeting holden in London, for the purpose of taking into consideration the recent treatment of the Jews at Damascus with a view of adopting such a series of resolutions as should express the feelings of deep sympathy which were entertained by the merchants, bankers, and others citizens of the metropolis. The Rev. Mr. Pieritz, a clergyman, attached to the mission at Jerusalem, (who having been born a Jew, visited Damascus in order to give his testimony that the Jewish religion, so far from requiring murder, expressly forbids it) gave the following as a list of the tortures which had been applied to the Jews!

1. Flogging.
2. Soaking persons in large tanks of cold water in their clothes.
3. The head machine, by which the eyes are pressed out of their sockets.
4. Tying up tender parts of the body, and ordering soldiers to twist and horribly dispose them into such contortions that the poor sufferers grow almost mad from pain.
5. Standing upright for three days, without being allowed any other posture, not even to lean against the walls; and when they fall down, aroused up by the bystanding sentinels with their bayonets.
6. Being dragged out in a large court by the ear until the blood gushed out.
7. Having thorns driven in between the nails and the flesh of the fingers and toes.
8. Having fire set to their beards till their faces are singed.
9. Having candles held under their noses, so that the flame arises up into the nostrils.

Breach of Promise.—A case of breach of promise of marriage, was tried in Frederick (Md.) last week, and the jury awarded the complainant, a young girl 12 years of age, damages in $1200.

Two boys going home one day, found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought a whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally; but on opening the box, lo and behold! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

A Startling Fact.—It is stated that the sum annually expended for bread, by the population of Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to twenty-five millions sterling; while the money expended in the United Kingdoms in strong drink, amounts to upwards of fifty millions annually! The consumption of gin alone, in these countries, amounts to more than twelve millions sterling every year.

Land Slide at Troy.—A large portion of Mount Ida, loosened by the late rains, came down on Saturday evening quite unexpectedly, and totally demolished a small house, occupied by a family of colored persons. The inmates escaped unhurt. On Monday morning, another avalanche came down near the same spot, bringing with it about half of the orchard which stood upon the side of the hill. Very providentially no lives were lost. The recent land slides are in the vicinity of that which occurred a few years since, when several lives were lost.

The Native States.—It is a matter of amusing coincidence that neither of the candidates for President or Vice President received the vote of his native State. New-York has declared against Van Buren, Virginia against Harrison and Tyler, Kentucky against Johnson, and Tennessee against Polk. A prophet is not without honor, &c.

Passengers at New-York.—The number of passengers which arrived at this port from foreign ports from the 1st of January to the 1st of November, 1840, a period of ten months, is as we learn from the Harbor Commissioners, fifty-seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-six.

The current of emigration had begun to set in from January, and great numbers have arrived in this year.—There are no means of estimating the amount of money brought in by emigrants, from the different nations of Europe; but it is believed greatly to exceed the amount of any former year. In thousands of cases the arrangements for settlement in selected places were conducted before the parties had begun to "pull up stakes" at their old homes. In at least one instance, a complete community of individuals, including she spiritual pastor, and persons of all trades, has come among us, and is now quietly settled down upon the peaceful banks of the beautiful Ohio.

The number of passengers which has arrived at this port coastwise, during the period above mentioned, viz: ten months, is 7,923, as we learn from the same source.

Courier.

The Whale Fishery.—The leading paper in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for this month, is a full and enlarged account of the branch of commerce which is pursued in the United States under the name of the Whale Fishery, and involves every detail and incident of the business from the fitting out of the whaler to the burning of the oil. The first spermaceti whale was captured in the vicinity of Nantucket in 1712, by Christopher Hussed. A few years previous to the Revolution spermaceti oil was worth about $4 per gallon, and whale bone 50 cents per pound. The former has been reduced about three-fourths, and the latter two-thirds. At the present time there are engaged in the whale fishery from the United States, 557 ships, and the average cost of fitting out of each amounts to about $20,000. The total amount of oil and bone imported in 1839 is worth about $7,000,000; this enormous sum of productive industry being constantly on the increase from year to year.

Cost of Intemperance.—The Bishop of Norwich at a meeting of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, remarked that the cost of ardent spirits, annually consumed by the population of England and Ireland is £44,000,000 while the cost of bread is but £25,000,000. If this calculation is correct and we have no reason to doubt it, the monstrous truth stands revealed to the world, that the people of England and Ireland, pay annually £19,900,000 more for intoxicating drinks than they do for bread! Should not the knowledge of this fact, so startling to humanity, serve to rouse the slumbering energies of a people proverbially critical in financial calculations, to the work of reform!

Olive Leaf.

It is said that Mr O'Connell has signed the tee-total pledge. Father Mathew's list now numbers more than three millions of names, and additions are continually making. The Irish, but lately proverbial for Intemperance, bid fair to become the most temperate people on the globe.

Several extensive "wine breweries," which have furnished "the article equal to the imported," have "stopped business," in the last three years. Of these we can count two in Albany, one in each of the cities of Buffalo, Utica Schenectady and Hudson; besides two very extensive *vineyards of the city of New-York*, have *ceased to raise vines*, the last two years. The extensive *champagne* manufactory, at Newark, N. J. is doing a decreased business.

Temp. Journal.

Irish Temperance.—A late letter from Ireland, published in a Scotch paper, states as follows: "We have now in our society two millions and a half of teetotallers, and I feel proud to tell you that they are every where considered as the most moral and peaceable people in the country. The records of the law courts prove the state of morality in any society, and I rejoice to think that, according to the returns of the late assizes, there was not a single teetotaller prosecuted before a judge or jury for any crime throughout the entire kingdom. Let this state of things always continue, and the result will tend to our own glory, and to the honor of our society.—*N. Y. Obs.*

Lane Seminary.—Rev. Pro. D. H. Allen, of Marietta College, has been appointed Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in Lane Seminary, and has signified his acceptance of the appointment. He will enter on the duties of his office immediately. Thirty-nine students have entered the Junior class in the Seminary, and the whole number at present connected with the institution is fifty-seven.—*Cincinnati Observer.*

A Viper per Post!—A gentleman resident in Hereford, received a day or two ago, through the medium of the penny post, a living viper, from the foot of Cader Idris in Wales! It arrived safely, and was not at all the worse for its journey.—*Hereford Times.*

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LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

Entrance to Petra, (Frontispiece.)
Several Views in Edom (Petra).—*From Laborde.*
Adam discovering the dead body of Abel.—*Andrea Sacchi.*
Mount Ararat.
Birs Nemroud (Babel).
The flight of Lot with his daughters.—*Guido Reni.*
Abraham offering Isaac.—*Rubens.*
Sepulchral caves in the cliffs of Wady Moussa, (in Mount Seir).
Brick Pyramid of Faioum.
Mounts Sinai and Horeb, with the convent of St. Catharine, from the North.
Temple of the Sun at Nineveh.
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